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HAVE HITLER'S PLANS MISCARRIED?

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

*Now Nazi precipitancy in the Balkans and Middle East
take Hitler further from the decisive battleground—Europe*

We in America are part of a world that Hitler and his allies plan to divide and redistribute among themselves. Nothing we may do—short of submitting voluntarily to the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis—can alter the fact that we stand in the way. We know that which Hitler wants to control. The Hitler plan calls for a Nazi-dominated "world culture" and "world economy." Berlin is to be the head of a world body that will work and slave for the German *Herrschaft*, the master-people. If we do not accept such a subordination role peacefully, we must be conquered. The United States must be made to conform, either by political pressure or, if need be, eventually by military force. That is the basis of Germany's political and diplomatic maneuvering toward us. Of this there can no longer be any doubt.

In his attitude to the United States, Hitler merely follows the formula of "peaceful conquest" that he has so successfully used in Europe and the Balkans. Contrary to the general conception, the Nazi formula for world conquest does not favor wide-scope military action. Tests of strength against a well-prepared opponent are to be avoided whenever possible. The Geopolitical Institute, which still remains the laboratory where the

grandiose blueprints and charts for Hitler's world-conquering ambitions are worked out, couches military action only as the last resort, when every other means of subversion has failed. Hence the opponent with Fifth-Column guerrilla tactics, destroy his morale with a war of nerves, terrify him with a show of force, and then give him an opportunity to surrender without fighting. That is the geopolitical recipe.

It worked in Denmark, which was occupied without any real opposition. It succeeded in Norway after a few minor skirmishes. It was totally successful in Sweden and Switzerland, countries now virtually held prisoner without any military action by Germany. Holland, Belgium and France were defeated with a minimum of German casualties, having been prepared for the kill by the "peaceful conquest" formula. Russia represents merely a repetition of the North European procedure. The other South European countries have for some time had only a semblance of independent life. They are firmly held under the Nazi thumb. Their independence might be compared to that of a toothless Hollywood box surrounded by machine-guns.

By means of this mixture of political terror, blackmail and relatively

brutal military action, Hitler has subjugated almost two hundred million people. The fate of France, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, part of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Romania, Bulgaria and Greece is directly controlled by Hitler and his allies. Today the European continent, from Gibeslere on the Mediterranean to Constanza on the Black Sea, is a Nazi-Fascist-dominated block, dancing to the music of Berlin, and governed by the edicts of the *Wilhelminist*.

Yet despite his phenomenal triumph, Hitler is not close to winning the war. The "perfect" plans of Professor Haushofer, the man who does the thinking for the Führer, reveal a flaw which threatens to upset the entire structure of Germany's success. The learned brain-trusters of the Geopolitical Institute at Munich have misjudged on two important counts: England's readiness to fight to the last man, and the determination of the United States to withstand any threat to its democratic form of life. After painstakingly charting blueprints which divide the globe into spheres of German, Italian and Japanese influence, Hitler has found to his bewilderment that his scholars completely misjudged the Anglo-Saxon psychology.

But if a world fight only to the last Frenchman and Belgian, Hitler had been definitely assured by his geopolitical advisers. In any case, a few thousand bombs on Piccadilly Circus would suffice to tame the plodding Anglo-Saxons. England would not sacrifice her five-o'clock tea and her cosy week-ends for a

more ideological difference with Berlin! Had Hitler not been told time and again by Downing Street, before the war, that an adjustment between the continental ambitions of Germany and the colonial interests of Great Britain was possible? As for the United States—well, there were ways and means to keep them out of this European conflict. The first World War had surely taught them a lesson. The practical-minded Americans could easily be convinced that what happened to the democratic form of government in the Old World was none of their business.

But something went wrong with this picture. The war did not end with the fall of Paris. The British did not dissolve in panic when Goering sent thousands of Stukas over London. The Churchill Government did not go down when building after building crashed near Trafalgar Square. On the contrary, as time went on, Great Britain grew stronger and was not content to remain on the defensive. She sent Hurricanes and Spitfires squadrons over Germany and Nazi-occupied territory. She retaliated for the damage to London by bombing the *Reichsbahnhof* and Unter Den Linden in Berlin. Through armament, equipment and plane production was hampered, it is true. The discrepancy between the German *Luftwaffe* and the British Royal Air Force gradually came narrower.

At the very height of his triumph, after a miraculously blitzkrieg which smashed France in six weeks, Hitler was stopped in his tracks. Throughout the world the experts and enthusiasts had already discounted the

fall of England. In Rome, Tokyo, and Berlin—though not in Washington and Moscow, it is true—the foreign ministries and war departments took it for granted that any day, any hour, the British Isles would be bombed into submission. Crowds in Berlin waited nightly with ill-concealed impatience for the fall that England had given up. The Italian press enumerated the main points of the coming British-Italian armistice agreement. Even American newspaper writers prepared elaborate lapses, to be used at a moment's notice, about the fall of the mightiest empire. Nobody doubted that Hitler's war juggernaut was still going full steam ahead. The fate of England would be sealed whenever the Fuehrer would push the button. But days, weeks and months passed. Hitler pushed the button—and nothing happened.

The Miracle of London had come to pass, like the Miracle of the Maine twenty-six years ago. By their dogged resistance and dithy heroism, the British people thwarted the cause of Nazi history. Millions crowded into cellars, slept in the subways, fought a twenty-four hour battle against flames that threatened to devour their homes and families—and maintained their defiance of Hitler's rain of bombs and fire. A nation of Churchill's with undimmed determination repulsed the world's most terrible aerial onslaught.

How did it happen?

It was not merely that Great Britain had hypnotized herself into believing Hitler had shot his bolt and could not make good his boast of defeating her arch-enemy, the

English. Sometimes between the fall of Paris and the British preparations to turn back the widely advertised invasion, Britain—from Churchill down to the last barmy in Soho—became unashamedly convinced that the United States, with its incredibly vast resources, legendary industrial power and imperturbable confidence, would not let her down. Somehow the British mind became permeated with a sense of certainty that if it held out against Germany's supreme efforts, if it survived, America's help would tip the balance in its favor at the proper time. No official statement to that effect was ever made by the Churchill Government. The fact is that British diplomats painstakingly avoided the issue of American support. Yet the feeling grew, and gave the defenders of England new courage and smiting confidence.

It was not propaganda that woke this country to the Nazi danger. It was an accumulation of small incidents that by themselves meant little, but which when taken together showed the design of a systematic pattern. There was the undeniable evidence of German political and military penetration in Latin America. Governments in Argentina, Chile and Uruguay narrowly escaped dramatic capture by German-influenced groups. Nazi economic pressure began to tell on local governments in Brazil and Colombia. The infiltration of pseudo-commercial groups in Bolivia and Venezuela could no longer be ignored. On the North American continent Nazi espionage work and Black activities reached a new high. Interference of Nazi consider agents in purely domestic affairs



"Of course, we'd like the increased war and tank revenue . . . but only once in a slight emergency is our plan, and everything will be O.K."

multiplied. There was no need to dramatize or exaggerate these incidents. They spoke for themselves. Coupled with what had occurred in Europe, viewed in the light of the Fifth-Colonial war in the Low Countries and France, these episodes became for this country a lesson as clear and elementary as a first reader. Although the Washington Government maintained a strict neutrality, the truth could be hidden no longer. The scales suddenly fell from the eyes of the American people. The broad scope of Hitler's interventionist plans became evident. If it could happen to France and it was threatening England, then there was real danger for the United States.

The interventionist point of view no longer held any validity. Not that this country has ever wanted to become involved in war. By no means! The American desire to keep out of trouble is genuine and nation-wide. We have, indeed, been cherishing the foolish and unconfessed naive hope that Europe may one day suddenly wake up and straighten itself out, and that Germany's moment of insanity will become a thing of the past, a nightmare best forgotten. But the Nazi idea that the United States would sit by idly and watch the defeat of England, that we would unconsciously accept Germany's taking over of the French colonial empire in the Western hemisphere and remain unversed about the Nazis'ification of Latin America—that idea, which formed part of the German plan, proved wrong.

Germany's notorious incapacity for understanding the psychology of other nations, a failing that helped

end loss the first World War for her, also put a crimp in her plans to finish up the present war according to schedule. Twenty-six years ago German professors had stated their scientific judgment on their prognosis that France was too degenerate to fight, that John Bull was too indolent to play a serious role in a war, and that the United States would never send an army into the fields of Flanders. Kaiser Wilhelm's experts also were certain that India would rise up against Britain and that the Arabs of the Near East would join with the Turks against England.

The score, as we all know, showed exactly the reverse. The French army proved the best on the continent; the British Tommies waged war with the same gusto and high spirits that they had always brought to the cricket-fields, and as far as the Yanks were concerned—well, ten weeks after the United States had declared war, fully equipped American soldiers were landing in France. The revolt in India and the Arab uprising never materialized. On the contrary, Great Britain received substantial help from the Hindus and Arabs.

It might, however, be mentioned in passing that Wilhelm's plotters did make one correct prognosis and only one. It concerned what would happen in Russia. Here the German General Staff scored a bull's-eye. Not only did they know that the Bolshevik revolution would succeed, but they predicted almost to the day the complete collapse of Russian military resistance.

National characteristics do not change overnight. The gentleness

who sat at the feet of Professor Haashefer in Munich and supply the Nazi leadership with the blueprints and charts for the campaign of conquest are men of the same stamp as Wilhelm's brain-trusters, who also were going strong—and in a matter of fact almost reached their goal—until one little mistake caused them to stumble. That mistake was their belief that the entry of the United States into the European war would be only a nominal action, an empty gesture incapable of affecting the result on the battlefield.

Germans have a habit of learning from their mistakes. There can be no doubt that the plans executed with such amazing precision by the Hitler army leaders in Poland, Holland, Belgium and France were masterpieces of secrecy. Most probably they would have brought victory to the German army even if its opponents had not been betrayed by their own leaders. The only difference might have been one of time. It would have taken the Germans perhaps two or three times as long to smash through their adversaries' lines, I believe, if the full force of the French army had ever opposed them in a battle to the finish. There can be no question, however, that the plans on which Hitler acts have been prepared much more carefully and with more daring and imagination than were the Kaiser's charts.

But when the Pudgy's mechanized units reached Paris, and Marshal Pétain pleaded for mercy, the German General Staff considered its work done. All its neat packages of maps, charts and plans had been used up. There were no plans for

the Battle of Britain, for the simple reason that England was not supposed to keep up the fight without a continental ally. According to the Berlin plans the Battle of Britain was not scheduled to take place. England, with all its industrial planes intact and her mighty fleet unharmed, was supposed to fall into Hitler's lap without further ado. Thus the men who think for Hitler had prepared, and so the German ex-corporal had originally believed.

For several weeks after the fall of Paris and the signing of the French armistice on June 22, 1940, there was a lull. The Nazi military leaders were stumped. They did not know how to proceed. As far as they were concerned, the war was won. When Hitler on July 15, a month after the capitulation of France, offered peace to General Bégin, the German people looked back and relaxed, not dreaming for a moment that England would agree to call off hostilities. Hitler's appeal to England for peace was, indeed, more humble in its tone in comparison with the German armistice terms to France. Before the Reichstag in Berlin the Führer declared that the two cardinal aims of his foreign policy had been friendship with England and with Italy. "In this hour," Hitler said solemnly, "I feel myself obliged to make one more appeal to reason to England." Only when the Churchill Cabinet unequivocally rejected the peace proposal, only then, and reluctantly, did the Goering Luftwaffe gradually increase its bombing expeditions over England. Gloom reigned at the conference table of the Germans

Military Academy when reliable reports reached it that no symptoms of Britain's cracking could be detected.

Hitler's plan for the conquest of the world had to be redrafted. Its two separate episodes had to be united into one single act. The international for which the authors had prevailed no longer existed. This became obvious to our German plan-makers. The first act, according to the original script, was to have ended with the fall of Paris, which was to have meant the end of the European war. If England surrendered or accepted a patched-up peace, that first act was to have been followed by an intermission of a few years, a period needed for the consolidation and re-organisation of Europe into a *Neue Europa* (New Europe). The United States was to have accepted German economic hegemony over the continent and to be lulled into believing a permanent peace could be established with Hitler now fully satisfied.

During this intermission of four or five years Germany was quietly to prepare the war of conquests, the second act. For that enterprise war was required.

Now, however, all this was changed. The New geopolitical master-minds realised that the United States had fully recognised its first line of defence to be England. There would be no intermission, because England had decided to keep on fighting and the United States had resolved to keep on arming itself as well as Britain. Unless England were crushed forthwith, she would stand as a small yet concentrated fortress, backed

by the resources of the United States, her fleet still controlling the Seven Seas. Even embryonic Indo-German successes in the Near East could not impair the strength of her position. Britain would make a formidable foe who could and would keep up the conflict until the German people, sick of suffering, would get rid of Hitler.

If America were not stopped immediately, there might never be a second act to their world-conquering drama. Professor Haushofer and his staff decided. The German leaders determined to wait no longer. But they were outplayed by Washington. The American Government simply took the initiative.

A few days after the fall of Paris the President of the United States appointed to the posts of Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy two men known to Germany as undaunted adversaries of Nazism, men who could not be caught off guard by any empty phraseology on peace and cooperation. The appointment of Knox and Stimson was interpreted in Berlin as meaning but one thing: The United States was stripping for action preliminary to entering the ring.

Hitler made his offer of peace to England on July 19. A day later the Havasu Conference opened under the chairmanship of Cordell Hull. That was no mere coincidence. The United States wanted Hitler to know that it took no stock in his peace talk, and that it was ready to take the necessary precautions to prevent Germany from using the Latin-American countries as a springboard for her projects concerning the North American



communism. Thus the first battle of the undeclared war between Germany and this country, the Battle of Hawaii, was won by the United States. Although the Conference achieved hardly any realistic results, it did pave the way for a closer relationship between the two halves of our hemisphere, and provided the instruments for the mounting of a common definite programme.

A month later, to the day, the formation of the American-Canadian Defence Board was announced. The diplomatic corps of Rome and Berlin exchanged a series of confidential documents; the geopolitical master-minds went into a huddle; and the private telephone was kept busy. Although the Nazi espionage agents had known beforehand that something of the sort was in the wind, and had so advised Berlin, the German experts had rarely smiled complacently. Nothing of the kind could happen. This was a Presidential election year, and the summer season to boot, when dramatic political decisions or actions took a holiday.

But it had happened. And again Munich had lost a battle to Washington—the Battle of Canada.

The significance of these two American victories cannot be overestimated. They took Berlin completely by surprise. First, because the Nazis had considered the United States out of the running during the Presidential campaign. And secondly, because these developments proved that the United States was inclined to keep the initiative in the political battle—a thing that no one had had the temerity to do Hitler since 1933.

It was the exchange deal of the fifty destroyers—through which the United States acquired naval and air bases in Newfoundland, the Bahama, Jamaica, St. Lucia, Antigua, Trinidad, and British Guiana—that decided Hitler to spring the Tokyo alliance without further delay. If the Japanese threat in the Pacific should fail to frighten the United States into reconsidering its "aid short of war" to Great Britain, then indeed the whole Heerhofer geopolitical theory had collapsed. Professor Heerhofer had always stoutly maintained that if Japan would make warlike gestures in the direction of North America, the United States would quickly realize that it is a Pacific and not an Atlantic power, and would curtail its active interest in European affairs.

Berlin was on tenterhooks. In most spectacular fashion it announced to the world that Tokyo had joined the Axis. The military pact was obviously directed against the United States. It was to stop the United States, according to the men who think for Hitler. But it did not do the trick. Less than a month later conscription went into effect in America, and production of aeroplanes for Britain was redoubled.

Although nothing has changed on the surface, a sense of war practically exists between Germany and the United States to-day. American papers continue to feature football scores on their front pages, and Berlin haughtily declares that it is not interested in the domestic affairs of the United States. But the Wilhelmitzars know the truth. For the second time in less than a

quarter of a century the United States seems to have unseated the flaw in the German plan for world conquest. In any case, by calling Japan's bluff it has created an emergency for the Reich.

The Nazi mind does not react to emergencies in the manner of the English and Americans, who accept

them as a challenge. To a German the smug of an emergency is evidence that his plan was wrong, for a good plan must foresee every emergency. It is this difference between democratic initiative and totalitarian automatic obedience that may yet shift the advantage in favor of the democracies.

The Influence of Faith

There is a very curious task in our course of college study of which I have spoken during past years. I have never known a course of instruction to be offered to undergraduates on the "Influence of Faith in Shaping Western Civilization". All our instruction is based on the influence of knowledge—literature, the arts, politics

As a matter of fact, knowledge as opposed to faith had presumably no influence in shaping western civilization until four or five hundred years ago. For some three thousand years civilization was shaped by faith in one of its forms—Hindu, Brahmin, Hebrew, Christian or Mohammedan. It was that faith which guided men in their ambitions and in their social and political policies. It is only three or four hundred years since knowledge began to displace faith as a controlling influence, and we are amazed when we look at past history to put the emphasis upon knowledge from the beginning of recorded time—Nicholas Murray Butler is Title Speaker, U.S.A.



More Complaints

There is a parrot in a north-east coast English town that has learned to imitate an air-raid siren. As a result his owners have been awaking the air-raid siren at noon when there are no air raids in the town. Not only does the parrot screech like a siren, but he follows his cry with an imitation of anti-aircraft gunfire.

All England is conscious of the debt it owes to the R.A.F. Nevertheless, when a defending "plane makes a forced landing on private property, the R.A.F. is liable for damages, which are always paid promptly. Practically all such awards have been turned back to the Government.

The prime German complaint is that the British are getting tales from their own cities and towns in order to mislead Nazi aviation associations to route their flights by the islands from their bases. This, the Germans say, is a tried trick of the tricky British—*"Machinel's Magazine,"* Toronto

SHE DEFEATED THE "SPOTTED DEATH"

ERIC BERGER

Her own small son was used for an unorthodox experiment to conquer the deadly smallpox.

Not all the battles for human betterment have been won by professionals. Amateurs, too, have been winners in the fight for life.

One of our pioneer medical discoverers is the first of the courage of a lonely English mother thousands of miles from home—a woman so determined to rid the world forever of a dread plague that she died on her own child to verify a primitive, undeveloped medical technique.

Six days after she had performed the act, the first of its kind recorded in the western world, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote to her husband:

"The boy was ingrafted on Tuesday and is at this time singing and playing, very impudent for his age. I pray God my next may give you as good an account of him."

The restrained, precise writing in this letter dated Sunday, March 23, 1718, gives no hint of the immortal torture that gnawed deeply hour after hour, capping through the iron self-control, at this mother watched the child she loved, searching its face for the dead symptoms she knew must appear. Yet, had she performed the experiment upon herself it would have been worthless.

What charming Lady Mary Wortley married brilliant Edward

Montagu, of the British diplomatic corps, she was one of the beauties of England. Though still young when her husband received the appointment of British Ambassador to Turkey, the beauty that had drawn men to start at breathless fascination had been lost—snatched away by the ravages of smallpox. The lovely cheeks and brow were pained and hollowed and the eyeballs destroyed. But she was lucky to be alive. Most of her friends had died in those dread days when the plague ravaged England.

In the eight years from 1711 to 1719, smallpox had claimed more than twenty thousand victims out of London's population of five hundred thousand. Countless thousands more had been disfigured and crippled. Whole families had been wiped out by the "spotted death" which struck without warning or discrimination.

Keen and alert, in Turkey, Lady Mary Montagu heard about a crude form of medicine practiced by the native medicine-women deep in the heart of the country. Interested, she journeyed to where these women worked their primitive cures—poxes administered to the accompaniment of charms and incantations. Though deeply entwined with superstition, some of these remedies nevertheless had a solid

scientific basis. Ticey was heir to the medical science of Arabia, China and Hindostan. But these odd medicine-women in the wild interior of the country had one remedy that Lady Mary Montagu was eager to investigate—the secret of inoculation against smallpox. Inoculation had been discovered centuries earlier in China, where it had been practised in a crude form.

Facinated by what she learned, on April 1, 1717, Lady Mary wrote home from Adrianople:

"The smallpox, as general and so fatal amongst us, is made entirely harmless by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term these women give it. The old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks you what vein you please to have opened. She cuts open that you offer her with a large needle. Patients are to perform health till the eighth day; then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three . . . Every year thousands undergo the operation and there is no example of any one that has died of it."

A year later, when each letter from home brought only news of English dead and dying, Lady Mary courageously took the decisive step. She had her son inoculated. She and her children were then living at Belgrade, a little village fourteen miles from Constantinople, and her husband was away on a mission to Persia.

The experiment was a success. Eager to bring the theory of inoculation to the western world and halt the spread of the smallpox

scourge, Lady Mary Montagu hurried back to England. At home the expected understanding and co-operation. She found scepticism, insult and bitter heresies. Like most benefactors, she was the target of jeers and snubbed even by those from whom she had hoped to secure aid. But she was stubbornly determined to prove the soundness of her idea. She fought on. In 1721 she inoculated her daughter, and the government was persuaded to send four physicians to watch the experiment. The Princess of Wales, who later became Queen Caroline, gallantly supported Lady Mary by submitting her own daughter to inoculation.

Instead of convincing the opponents of inoculation that they were wrong, these trials provoked only a greater flood of protest. Lady Mary was denounced at stormy demonstrations. When she walked the streets people followed after to yell insults and spit at the woman whose beauty had become legend. The cruellest cut came when she was accused of being an "unnatural" mother. Even the "intelligentsia" had their saying. Pamphlets denouncing her and the theory of inoculation were distributed wholesale. The Rev. Edward Masey preached against the "dangerous and sinful practice of inoculation."

The fight was bitter, but slowly inoculation won its converts. News of Lady Mary Montagu's efforts travelled. In France, Voltaire announced that the citizens of Paris, where twenty thousand persons had died of smallpox in one year, submitted to inoculation. In England, finally, medical men began to thaw out and gradually agree on the

scientific validity of the theory of inoculation. In 1794 a smallpox hospital was established by public subscription. Inoculation had won, though its champion long before that had been removed from the field.

The year that hospital was established a five-year-old lad by the name of Edward Jenner was growing up in Gloucestershire, England. When he left school at thirteen the boy was apprenticed to a local physician. Here he was fascinated by the subject of inoculation. He studied it intensively until he made the startling discovery that persons who had once been sick with cowpox never afterward contracted smallpox. Jenner did some thinking. Instead of inoculating patients with smallpox in order to prevent a serious outbreak of the disease

later, he used a vaccine of cowpox. The modern science of preventive medicine was born.

The British Government gave Edward Jenner thirty thousand pounds with which to subside further experiments. Jenner's work laid the basis for the later bacteriological discoveries of Pasteur and the advances of Sir Joseph Lister in the field of antisepic surgery.

Perhaps we to-day take too many things for granted. When your child is inoculated against the "spotted death," remember a lone woman, hoisted, bound and spit upon, who had not only the courage to fight for her conviction, but another courage, calmer and quieter—but perhaps deeper—the courage to risk her own child.

—World, U.S.A.

No Time Like the Present

When hunting season comes around there are many gamblers who pass in their search for birds and rabbits to dreams of what a paradise for game this country must have been when the Indians still roamed the forests at will. But these persons are mistaken and who insures that this country seemed with game before the primitive doctors were chopped down. "Actually there is more game in the state of Pennsylvania to-day than there was when we stole it from the Indians," Henry T. Trowell tells us in his book, On Mountain Farms (published by Morrow, 1941), due to government processes of animal protection.—*From Wrong About This*, U.S.A.



The Us Have It

When an old lady of eighty can still be the centre of attraction in any gathering she must have something. A young girl carrying her grandmother's charm, once asked what her secret was. "My child," said the grandmother, "just remember that in the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as 'T', it is all 'U'—Christian Science Monitor, U.S.A.



SPAIN'S PLACE IN A NEW "AXIS"

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Author consulted on "Atlantic power bath by Britain, U.S.A., South America and Spain"

Most informed Spaniards believe that at the end of this world war England will have saved mankind from a new black age.

The problem of Anglo-Spanish relations must, therefore, be solved bearing in mind that the world cannot afford to have England weakened in any way. Fortunately, seen from the world unity angle, the interests of England and of Spain harmonise for the first time in history.

The problem of the day after victory is how to build up a system strong enough to withstand any future onslaughts of the German people. The German combination of technical ability, gregarious obedience and racial arrogance is a persistent scourge with which all world statesmen must reckon.

The defensive measures against this menace must be of a twofold character: an idealistic advance towards a place higher than that of power politics and Empire; and a realistic policy aiming at consolidating the West by means of a kind of "political fortification" in order to ensure for Great Britain the undisputed use of the Atlantic and the permanent and effective alliance of the Americas and African contingents.

Now, it so happens that Spain is a key nation in this respect.

Spain's three main aspects in world affairs are: her strategic position; her commonalty of culture with Spanish America and her African sphere.

The Iberian Peninsula occupies the most strategic position in the world. This is particularly true in relation to the British Commonwealth. Had this war found Spain officially as hostile to England as she is now, and at the same time economically as rich and strong as she was in 1931, or even in 1936, the position with regard to Gibraltar, which to-day is but disappointing, would have been little short of disastrous. Gibraltar, with a hostile Spain, is a most precarious asset. An allied Spain would be far more valuable to Britain than the Rock.

That Spain wants Gibraltar cannot even be discussed. She cannot be without wanting it. The consequences of the retention of Gibraltar by England are far deeper and subtler than a mere political discussion of the question might suggest. It has cut deep into the national pride and undermined Spain's unity. It is one of the factors which have contributed to making Spain a centre of turmoil and disturbance for the whole of Europe. It has stood in the way of federation with Portugal, which

must be for all concerned an obvious biological development in the history of the Peninsula. It has weakened England, by depriving her of her most natural ally—a federation of all the peoples of the Iberian Peninsula.

The situation is obvious. England and Spain must enter into a permanent alliance amounting almost to a federation for external affairs, based on their common service to the world commonwealth. This alliance would give Gibraltar back to Spain, but, as a basis of reciprocity, would give England the use, not only of Gibraltar, but of all the Spanish ports and islands as well, in case of aggression against the world commonwealth whose head and heart England has shown herself worthy of becoming.

Spain is the Mother Country of Spanish America. A retrograde Spain, a tool to the forces of evil, would open the American Continent to these forces. A glance at the map shows that a solid Anglo-Spanish political union amounting almost to a federation, at any rate in foreign affairs, would have far-reaching effects on the American Continent. No effort of imagination is needed to realize that it might lead to a strongly-built Atlantic system based on the quadrilateral Great Britain-U.S.A.-South America-Spain (and Portugal). This "Atlantic" would easily absorb France and most of Africa.

No aggression could prevail against such a citadel, a basis from which the association of free peoples could gradually be extended towards the east.

All that is wanted is that the two

great Anglo-Saxon powers should realize that their historical policy towards Spain and South America is obsolete and that it must be recast in moulds more fitting to the new age.

The immediate interests are well balanced and, therefore, should oppose no obstacles to this policy. Anglo-Saxon interests in South America are mostly of an economic, financial and commercial character; Spanish interests almost exclusively of a moral, cultural and racial character.

A prosperous and peaceful Spain would soon be over-populated and the surplus of her population would settle in a prosperous and peaceful Spanish America, thereby increasing the latter's prosperity. This would benefit Spain for her cultural sphere in Spanish America would in the end be strengthened; it would benefit Great Britain and the United States because, from the political point of view, the Spaniards in South America never form a dissentient, anti-national class as do other European groups, and also because, this European stock would increase the purchasing power of the countries south of the Rio Grande. This increase in the purchasing power of South America would accrue to the Anglo-Saxon countries rather than to Spain, for Spain is not an industrialized nation.

It would also benefit the whole of "Iberia," because immigration is, for Spanish America, a demographic necessity, and if Spain fails in her role of provider of manpower for her ancient colonies, the Asiatic stock will finally fill the

gap. This is no affliction on the Asiatic peoples as such. It is only a recognition that it is better to keep Spanish America Spanish than to turn it into a mongrel land without any roots in any civilization.

Finally, there remains Africa. Here again, as long as we remain on the level of power politics, no diplomatic ruse will be enough to cast the bitter pill of direct conflict between the "interests" of Spain and the "interests" of England. But a solution is possible once England and Spain see each other as limbs of the same European body.

In short, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations can be adequately solved only if set within a new framework of world unity. If the

two Anglo-Saxon peoples, who see going to win this war, were to be tempted by their victory into a new imperialism, forgetting the ideals which are now their banners, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations would be one of the many that would drive Europe towards another and a more terrible war. But if England and the United States come out of this war with a genuine desire for a better world and a clear vision of the need thereto, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations will be one of the easiest with which they will have to deal, and Spain will be enabled to put at the disposal of the new commonwealth her unrivaled strategic position as well the natural vigor and creative power of her people.

—*World Review*, London.

The Last Rose

It may not be generally known that Moore's beautiful melody, *The Last Rose of Summer*, was composed in a rose garden in Kilconny, White Moore and his wife were on a visit to Lord and Lady Butler of Jenkinstown, County Kilconny, he was taken to survey their garden. Later that evening he was seen alone in peasant mood beside one of the rose bushes. It is believed it was this that inspired him to write *The Last Rose of Summer*, a song which has charmed music-lovers the world over.

Von Flotow adopted it as his theme song in *Märtha*, of which operas the great Mozart once said that its theme was its only redeeming feature—Music Lover is *Meeting Herald*, Dublin.



Clyde R. Miller, Director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis suggests that you try this next time detecting propagandists. When you're in doubt about the sincerity of something that you've read or heard, just ask yourself these three questions: (1) Who says it? (2) Why? (3) What does he want me to do?

Try it. You'll be surprised, says Mr. Miller, to see how those three simple questions will help you sift the true from the false—and keep your thinking straight.—*The Week Magazine*

A South London barber who has had the upper part of his sharp-blown must has put up this notice on his door: "I have had a close shave. What about you?"—*Manchester Guardian*, England



"Coward, Mankind, Coward!"

RUSSIA'S BALTIC PLAN

CAPT. G. H. NASH

A British Officer sees justification in the Soviet's territorial acquisition

Taken collectively, Finland and the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania cover an area roughly one and a half times that of the British Isles, and possess a total population of nine and a quarter million. The wisdom of forming four independent states from such a population seems at first sight to be questionable. Because of their close connection with Russia, in the past one is inclined to lump them together under the heading of Slavs, but neither racially nor linguistically are these people Slavs, except the Lithuanians, who are remotely akin to them.

The Finns and Estonians are related, and claim as their distant ancestors the Turks. The Latvians and Lithuanians are kindred races coming from a stock entirely different from those of the people to the north of them.

The history of these states is a history of hundreds of years of foreign domination. It may be summarized as follows:

FINLAND: Under Swedish rule until 1809, when it was taken by Russia. It became independent after the last Great War.

ESTONIA: Originally under the Danes. Taken over by Sweden in 1710 and remained so for a century and a half, when the Russians

conquered it. Oppression led to a revolt in 1905. The revolt was put down severely and a legacy of hatred against the Russians remains.

LATVIA: Was originally linked with Lithuania, and later became part of Russia.

LITHUANIA: Was originally a powerful independent state, but became part of Poland and then, with Poland, part of Russia.

All the states got their freedom as a result of the Great War.

The Balts had struggled for hundreds of years to regain their independence and, however hopeless the situation seemed, they had never given up. They possess a will to win which has enabled them to snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat. Whilst hardly more than a squad bands, sufficiently armed and for the most part without uniform or equipment, the Latvians and Estonians fought both Bolsheviks and German volunteers. These soldiers of the Baltic states impress one with their practical efficiency. To a casual observer they are not impressive. Their bayonets are never polished and the men are often unkempt. On the other hand, the Finns, for example, can march 50 kilometres in a day. In winter they hold manoeuvres on skis, and the

troops become in the snow. It is all taken as a matter of course. They are remarkably good shots.

Intense national pride, combined with a marked egoistic strain, produces a large army of self-satisfaction and conceit. But, though they may be conceited, these peoples have won a century-long battle against heavy odds. They may have an over-developed sense of nationalism, but it is a nationalism which, after hundreds of years of persecution, is at last free to express itself, and a flood of literature and art in all its forms has already shown a great deal worthy of expression. Much of the literature has already been translated into English.

The Soviet Union has two major interests in the Baltic. First, she is anxious that the small states around the Gulf of Finland should not be held or dominated by another major power. A strong naval and military force outside the Gulf of Finland could control the port of Leningrad, bottle up the Soviet Baltic fleet at Kronstadt, converge on the Leningrad industrial district, and even the right flank of the Soviet frontier defences.

In 1934 the Soviet Government was still anxious about its Baltic frontier, and suggested to the German Government that the two countries should sign a joint protocol in which they would undertake to preserve the independence and integrity of the Baltic states. In reply the German Government said that it saw no reason for any special treaty for the protection of these states. In the same year a Nazi organization attempted a

putsch in Estonia. Freck then staged subversive movements owing allegiance to Germany fomented trouble in all three Baltic states.

From 1934 onwards the Nazi Government repeatedly spoke of the necessity of expanding outwards. With such a political and military background to German-Soviet relations in the Baltic, some very positive Soviet demands were to be expected in any agreement made between these two states.

The German-Soviet agreement of August, 1939, gave to Germany a new frontier about 330 miles east of the original one; it also destroyed the buffer state of Poland. Indeed, the moment the thrives fell out the whole stage was set for a combined frontal and flank attack by Germany upon the Soviet Union. And so, to balance the advantages given to Germany by the agreement, it was vitally important that the U.S.S.R. should occupy an advanced position on the shores of the Baltic. Hiiumaa and Saaremaa, the two islands on the west coast of Estonia, were both occupied by the Germans as an initial stage in their operations in Estonia at the end of the Great War. These islands are now occupied by the Russians. They have also occupied naval ports on both sides of the Gulf of Finland, and by seizing the Karelian Isthmus, the shores of Lake Ladoga and a considerable area north of the lake, they have seized the land approaches to the Leningrad area from the north-west. At the same time, garrisons at strategic points in Estonia secure the approaches to Leningrad from the south-west.

There is no moral justification

for the Soviet occupation of so many points in those Baltic lands, but German activities in the past, coupled with the Nazi opportunist attitude towards all agreements to which they are partner, made it vitally important that the Russians should secure themselves against their friends—for it may take some time for Spain to discover whether he has bluffed the Nazis or been bluffed himself. And this it might be late to do anything about it.

The second Soviet interest in the Baltic lands is as transit countries. The ports of Tallinn and Riga, if

not entirely free from ice, are open all the year round, and the role of the Baltic States as transit countries has invariably formed a vital part of any agreement made between them and the U.S.S.R.

To sum up, the Soviet Government now completely dominates the Baltic States and Finland, and this was strategically inevitable as a counter-measure to any ambitions Germany may have in the future to expand eastwards at the expense of the U.S.S.R.

—Journal of United Services Institution of India, Lahore.

Emotion Tests for Vision

Science confirms your idea that ours or ours can "blind" you. Experiments by Dr. E. I. Shirovich, Mrs. N. Hall, and Dr. R. Korobkin of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, show that vision is not the same when you are under emotional strain as it is when you are relaxed.

Motion pictures taken of the eyes of persons reading showed that while 30 per cent of them could see action when emotionally relaxed, another 10 per cent could not under the strain.

More critical was the test of how the two eyes work together. This is important for the aviator who is trying to gauge the speed of an approaching car, or for the airplane pilot who is taking his ship in for a landing. It is essential for the perception of distance and depth.

Psychologists are convinced that most of the crashes which involve array planes occur when the eye is returning from an exterior and focusing light and tries to land his speeding plane in a small field. In this sort of situation, either of the eyes to work together is put to severe test.

—Release News Letter, U.S.A.



The government, never too busy to lend a helping hand to dumb animals, has provided cotton coats for 500 nearly-shorn Wyoming sheep. If it seems odd for sheep to wear cotton, it should be borne in mind that to shear sheep, make their wool into coats, and then put the coats back on them would be even more ridiculous.—Dale Harris in "Newsweek," New York.



"Hey, boy, brother, how look you and de bird?"



My Day... TO HOWL

By Columnist GILBERT INSTRUTHER

Last month, I listened to the policy-speech of our A. Mair, ex-Premier of New South Wales. With difficulty. And a great deal of squirming in my seat.

For never, in all my experience, have I heard such an important speech so horribly mangled, so incredibly stupid, or so stupidly digested.

This might seem like kicking a man when he is down. It is nothing of the sort. If A. Mair can take a little well-meant criticism, it might help him in the future. Anyway, this piece was written long before the elections of N.S.W., decided they wanted a Labor Government.

I am not concerned with way of this. It would not matter to me if Mr. Mair was a Chinese Communist; he would still be for it. Likewise, I do not attack his sincerity, astuteness, ideals or anything else.

It is just that policy speech of his which, to use his own words, had plenty of length but no "breadth and width." For, five times Mr. Mair talked about the "breadth and width" of his great country.

Sometimes, Mr. Mair's bloodless audience politely clapped Mr. Mair's bloodless, bewildered speech . . . quite often at points where they were not supposed to clap. At other times, they did not clap, although Mr. Mair paused significantly and even coughed.

I used to gamble quite a bit about this life and living-way of ours. I used to think that, here and there, it could, perhaps be improved. But now I am satisfied, I am content in the knowledge that it is a fair, happy, golden land. I have Mr. Mair to thank for this.

It gave me great happiness to contemplate that his Government introduced tremendous improvements.

IMPROVEMENTS

I found that, through the "breadth and width" of New South Wales that Government held:

(1) Made an aerial survey of 500 square miles. This is positively amazing. It is an accomplishment of the first magnitude. But that is not all.

(2) Fixed it so that the drinking water of the A.L.P., was medically tested. This is truly terrific.

(3) Formed railway lines to the "A.L.P., the R.A.A.F., and the Air Force." This needs no argument.

(4) Helped working-men to acquire their own homes and "a home-owner seldom becomes a Communist." On the principle, I take it, that once he owns his home he automatically becomes a Capitalist. Nice reasoning. But I understand Comrade Stalin owns his home

the merchants.

(This part of the speech was heartily clapped).

INDUSTRY

Mr. Mair's Government upped Australian industry, too . . . so the story went.

All I can say is that Mr. Mair's Government are a nasty lot of lone-light snatches, that's what they are. They shook Hitler's thunder. Because that gentleman probably thought he gave Australia its industrial start by beginning a war and giving employment in factories, and causing more and more factories to be built, and draining surplus labor into the areas to fight.

NOT CRICKET

I realize, of course, that none of this is journalistic cricket. When as a journalist you interview a man who says, "I ain't gonna need no bloody Opposition Leader," you report it as, "Mr. Snicka indicated that he had no inclination to retreat from his present political position, despite the repeat attacks made on him by the Opposition."

That is one reason why Parliamentary quality remains so consistently low.

So I shall say now that I am merely interested in trying to infuse a little more quality into Parliament and its species. Any-one who has attended a session will, heaven knows, tell you how badly it needs an infusion of quality.

Therefore, it boils down to this: I do wish A. Mair had asked someone to polish his wordage, untangle his points, and remove some of the

blocks from under his stumbling arguments.

I would have been only too happy to have knocked his speech into some sort of shape for him, to give it sense of the bones, guts, humor, and commanding paternity that a policy speech must have.

And I should have done this free of charge, just so that a million Australian eyes and millions would not have been so cruelly and brutally assaulted.

For Alexander Muir's speech had all the piping, empty quality of a hibiscus-petals making a false yawn.

The voice of the A.B.C., unassisted, when the speech was over, was like a long drink of cold, clear beer.

... SUCH LANGUAGE

A correspondent in South Gladstone, Queensland, resents the frequent use of German words, and wants them all chopped out. He is greatly depressed because I use such words as *Blitzkrieg*, *pazzer*, and so forth.

This is an interesting thought. How often, I wonder, has he used the word *Kindergarten* in the last few years? That word, along with a few thousand others, is pure German. Some other thousands are derived from the German.

Likewise Latin. Everyone knows how widely the English language is based on Latin. Notlessly, to be consistent, we would have to drop these words, too.

In fact, we would have to drop a lot—all the words we have borrowed from all the countries which, down through our history, we have fought.

This would leave us just about speechless—unless we adopted Esquimos. I understand we have never really been at war with the Esquimos.

... A JOB

This, for no apparent reason, brings me to Dorothy Dix. I would be very happy to work alongside Dorothy Dix, who has the biggest agony mail-bag in the world. Those bugs thereb visibly when they are dumped on her doormat.

Her name—but you must not let that get around—is not Dorothy Dix. It is Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, and she lives in New Orleans.

Some of the stuff she gets is priceless. I remember a few from her library:

"My husband keeps telling me to go to hell. Have I a legal right to take the children?"

"I am 55 years old, in love with a woman who already has one husband. Please suggest the quickest and most humane way of getting rid of him."

"I have been a decent girl as far as I can remember."

"You tell me that . . . the domestic woman who keeps a clean house is the salt of the earth. But did you ever hear of salt attracting sugar daddies?"

... MY JOB

You're wondering what I came in?

I am interested in the research side of the business. It would be my job to investigate young ladies like the one who wrote this letter:



"I am a young girl of eighteen. I have not been around very much, since my parents do not like me to go to parties where there are a lot of boys."

"I have been told that this is a mistake, since I will never know what it is wrong to do. Please tell me everything that is wrong and bad so that I won't do it."

"Since I, myself, am not very clear on what is 'wrong and bad,' the two of us could explore the field together."

"I am sure I would be a great help."

... LANDED GENTRY

And now Mr. Hess. I am very about Mr. Hess. He had a great future and balled it up. He fumbled the couch—just because he tried to handle everything himself. But it is not too late, and I have a proposition to make to him. It is this: That Mr. Hess should appoint me his manager.

Just think of it, Mr. Hess. You just used to do a little refined racing on your country and our cock-eyed press will had you as the world's finest gentleman—providing you go the right way about it.

Remember? Just after you landed, they called you "a moderate" and "pro-British," and "the most reasonable of the Nazi leaders." They did all this and you had scarcely said a word.

Then they took a pull at themselves, and began to say that, after all, you were a nasty man. This was because you didn't have a manager to handle things for you.

Why, you could be famous if

you were managed properly. And it's not too late, even now.

... CARE

But you must be careful. Don't do all your racing in one rush. You can become progressively more and more a great gentleman by racing gently, in little bits.

Because, as you release each more, our press will regard such added step as another good mark in your book. The cumulative result of this will be so much better than one big, straight-out declaration.

You do see that, don't you, Mr. Hess?

First of all, you will need to declare yourself on the side of Freedom, Liberty, and Democracy. Take it from me, Mr. Hess, the impact of that only will be terrific. Our press will then had you as a prodigal son, a good guy who saw the light in time.

"He went astray for about eighteen months; but good will out, good will out!" That's what they'll say about you, Mr. Hess.

So you need a manager. You can see that now, can't you?

... UP AND UP

Who knows, I might even be able to get you a job in our army, or our Foreign Office if you play your cards right. I might even be able to get you up for Little-Tiddlywinks-on-Creek—as a Conservative Member, of course. Wouldn't that be nice?

You see the prospects opening up in front of you.

And, of course, there is one thing you simply must do. You

must knock down to it and write a book. This is very necessary. Everyone writes a book.

I suggest you call it, *I Left Hitler as Town, and I Knew My Adolf from the Town's up*. Or better still, you can call it, *At Last I Saw the Light*. Anyhow, we can decide about that later.

You'll sell a million, Mr. Hess. I tell you—a million.

... OTHER THINGS

Then there is Hollywood.

Ah, you hadn't thought of Hollywood, Mr. Hess, had you? Of course you hadn't. It takes a wide-awake manager to think of those things.

And the money Hollywood will pour into your lap! Ah, Mr. Hess! Ah! Just imagine your name on those title-slates: *Nazi Breakup*—Technical Advisor, Herr Rudolph Hess, Deputy Leader of the Nazi Party.

That will do for a start—just technical advice! Don't give out everything at once. Don't rash things. Let them pay more still if they want you actually on the screen. Make them pay through the nose. You're a big-shot, Mr. Hess; demand big-shot money.

Already, some of our press-boys are gaping a little sympathetically at you. Not very openly, naturally, but the seed is there.

Only yesterday, you'll remember, they were all slavering for your blood, on your neck, or both. "Hang the bloody lot of 'em when we get 'em, that's what we'll do," they were bellowing. "Hang 'em all, from Hitler down!"

But no one has suggested hang-

ing you, Mr. Hess. We feel a little differently about it now.

Ah, yes! Lucky, lucky man! You've got the world at your feet.

All I want, Mr. Hess, is a small, ten per cent, cut-back. That's reasonable enough, isn't it?

... TALEPIECE

Then there is the tale about the fisherman.

He went off into the country, looking for a screen, all hopped up with gear and refreshments and everything a fisherman needs—except bait.

He found a stream and got all his gear out, then, to his horror discovered that he had nothing to put on his hook.

After looking around for a while he found a snake. It had a frog in its mouth.

Now frog is pretty good bait; so he got a forked stick, fastened the snake's head to the ground, and took the frog.

He was a little sorry about that, however, because the snake looked very downhearted indeed. So, as compensation, he gave the snake a shot or two of the whisky he had brought along to keep the cold out.

That made the snake very pleased indeed. It wriggled its tail a couple of times and undulated off.

The fisherman characterize bait his hook with the frog and sat down to wait for something to bite.

About twenty minutes later, he felt something knocking gently against his leg. He looked down and found that the snake was back again and biting his leg with its tail.

In its mouth was another frog.



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

... HIGH ADVENTURE

Many indeed were the Aussies who found adventure in North Africa and the Balkans. Without food or water, some trekked, in little bands of three or four, over hundreds of miles of desert to rejoin their units.

Others, after the Balkan Evacuation, sailed home in small boats they had, hewnwood, stalk or umbrella took from fishing villages.

There were plenty of tales to tell, plenty of breathless, wide-eyed young Aussies who could tell them—men, some of them bearded youths, who had stolen through enemy lines, fought their way out of thick batista, set courses for home by the stars and their bush-trained instinct, accepted impossible odds by desperately attacking sizeable enemy patrols and saw the impossible achieved when the patrol fled.

All these and a thousand other stories—some of them, by now, gaining more color, wilder details with the telling—were coming out of the Mediterranean areas last month.

This was Adventure. But adventure, as someone said, "Is either tragic or comic—depending how it

ends. While it is going on it is never adventure."

... THEIR STORY

Unconfirmed, officially, but more than probable is the story of three Aussies (two Australians, one New Zealander) who were left behind in Greece.

Their story. "When we arrived in Athens, the place seemed to be deserted. There was practically no life, everything was closed down. The place looked like Melbourne on a Sunday morning. There were only a few Greeks about. Some of them gaped at us as though we were ghosts. Actually, we discovered later, they were probably unable to decide whether we were parachutists or not.

"While we were standing in a doorway, with darkness falling, one of our number saw a German go past on a motor-cycle.

"So far as we were concerned, that was the end of it. We decided to get out as fast as wind, limb and ingenuity would carry us.

"We found a good hideout in the home of a Greek—he was as game as a tiger-in-shoe—and waited until about midnight. He told us, as well as he could, that the last of

the British troops had got out two days before. He did not know where they were embarking.

... ESCAPE

"When it was late enough, we slipped out. He led us through the town by a maze of back-alleys. When we were out of danger—more or less—he pointed along a road and left us, shaking hands all around. I think he wept a little; it was hard to tell in the darkness. But no one can blame a man for weeping when he sees his country lying prostrate. I suppose we represented, in his mind, the cutting of the last tie, the last hope. Then he pulled himself erect and marched off, straight and proud.

"We struck out. Every minute we expected to run into a German patrol, or something of the sort. But we had been dodging them for days, and we were confident enough. Sometimes, creeping past German posts, we had been so close to them that we could almost have reached out and pushed them on the behind.

"We never did that, however.

... TO THE SEA

"We met no one—not a single soul. But that did not make us over-confident. If the Germans were as tired as we were, they might have been sleeping anywhere along that road.

"We were so weary that our eyes seemed to be glazed over. Your legs get so fat they feel like leaden plates that have to be dragged along. You get that way you don't give a damn whether you're caught or not, in fact, sometimes you think it might

be good to get caught so you can sleep. That's all you want to do.

"Sometimes, we punched each other—hard. That would wake us up a bit and give us something to think about. Sometimes we tried to carry on, speechless whispered arguments to keep ourselves alive and, as much as possible, on the alert.

"Anyone hearing and watching us would have sworn that we were fighting between ourselves.

"I don't know what time it was when the road brought us to the coast. We stood looking down at a beach. Every one of us wanted to go down but we didn't dare. We'd never have got up again.

"We found a goat-track and started down in the hope of finding a cave to be up in. Then we heard voices—German voices. We stood very still and listened. Then, after a quick consultation, we decided to scuttle around a bit.

... BOATS

A few feet off the shore (which, incidentally, shrank quickly) were three boats—beautiful, gleaming, sleek motor-boats. In the darkness, we gaped longingly at each other, using only our eyes to do it.

"We waited and waited interminably. So far, we could only find two Germans. They were standing together talking a few yards away. But this seemed too good to be true.

"There just had to be more around somewhere. Luck doesn't come like that. I think I fell asleep on my feet, perhaps for only a few minutes. When I woke up again, the Germans were still there—two of them, no more and no less.

"Well, it was a risk worth taking. We had less our rations days before I left around in the dark very carefully, and picked up the rock. The others, when they saw what I was doing, did the same."

Actually, it was easy—dead easy. A rock, held in your hand and bounced hard on the back of a man's neck brings him down without a murmur.

"It was all over, then. We sank two of the boats (after making sure to take all the petrol and food out of them) and made off in the third.

"During the day we pulled in at some little island in the Cyclades and slept—long, beautiful sleep on hard boards in a tennis lounge.

"There was nothing more to it. Next day we were picked up by a destroyer, after being machine-gunned from the air . . ."

• • • HOME FRONT

On the home front at May's beginning there was something of an anti-production stir-up. In New South Wales, Morebells Beasley and Evans stood right up to say that it was time someone put the spotlight on delays, snobbing, time-wasting in the production of munitions.

No spreaders of soft-soap, Morebells Beasley and Evans came right out and announced that they were "gravely concerned—not only at admitted shortcomings in the munitions programme, but more

particularly of 'hush-hush' with which the孟席斯 Administration is emerging to silence helpful criticism which is designed only to increase the tempo of production."

No great news was this to anyone who knows something of the industry. Newman have known quite well that some factories were doing nothing, keeping men on and paying them simply "because the Government is paying the wages, anyhow."

All too well, they knew of great factories where time was being wasted. To a CAVALCADE representative, few weeks ago, a worker in a big aircraft factory said: "Most of the day we are wandering around trying at least to look busy. It would break your heart to see so many men doing nothing—so cooperatively nothing, but actually nothing. The place teems with bosses—every second man is walking around in a dustcoat."

"Of course, if you come on a conducted tour with a politician or two we'll show you some hard work; but call around unannounced and see the difference . . . You mustn't make a story out of this, none of us wants to get the sack . . ."

Part-true was the statement by whipper-snappers Beasley and Evans that: "The plain fact is that we are not yet making the best use of our facilities for war production. . . ."

Miss Bern Park, widow of the long-time U.S. consul at Marita, has been tried twice by French authorities after breaking with German officers. The second time she was charged with taking a male guest in a shack: "Wait on them two officers first, then've been delayed on their way to London"—Maracaibo, U.S.A.



AS THE WORLD SAW AUSTRALIA

From the opening pages with this pointed emphasis the British press of the Australian in the recent campaign to liberate the world, Australia has been hollered in her American sister papers. The deeds of our men have impressed the imagination of the entire democratic world. Our boys themselves believe that man is man, they are better than the Germans.



TO KEEP THE ITALIAN COMPANY. The one hundred and forty thousand Italians captured in the first Libya campaign are being moved by planes of Axis commandos. This is the first plateau of German prisoners taken in the latest operation.



NOW WHO COULD THIS BE? The official photographer snatched a quick one on these desert veterans studied the quiet British profile.



GENTLEMEN, THE SAPPERS.

These are the boys that tackle the mine job and pave the way for others, by clearing the path of land mines. The men shown in this picture are Australian engineers at work on a strip of mined territory.

AUSTRALIANS TRAIN FOR JUNGLE WARFARE



The A.I.F. were tested in Malaya in February, but concentrated on learning to operate and fight in Malayan jungle and rubber country. The troops, many of them from the Australian "Bush," had that singular fine way of strength typical of soldiers in little different from hunting down the bush or hunting back home.

Cronaca, Four, 1941 Page 58



AN AUSSIE SNIPER-SCRIMPER IN THE JUNGLE.



AN A.I.F. UNIT ADVANCING THROUGH PAMBAUS PALM COUNTRY.

ONE UP FOR THE ENZEDS



The Indian cruiser, "Rangoon," was sunk by the New Zealand cruiser "Hawea" in the Indian Ocean, in an action which lasted only 14 minutes. The British cruiser was not damaged, and lived only five minutes before the Indians lowered their flag.



Deckhouse on ship cut off from bow and stern by puffs of smoke on the fire breaks through the deck.

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An explosive hit begins the cruiser's end, as her propeller shows clear of the water.



Smoke obscures the sinking cruiser, on which the Indian flag had been hoisted in battle less than an hour earlier.

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I haven't had any violent expression. No, but I've gained a few points from the news media.¹⁰

THE ORIENTAL TANGLE

*Third article of a monthly series
on problems that confront the Pacific*

BY HARRY CIBB

In order to get a clear view of China and the Sino-Japanese position, it is first necessary to clear our heads. When you do this, you generally use some sort of ammunitions in hot water; it gives off a cloud of steam that makes you cough and choke.

Perhaps a great many people will be coughing and choking after they read this. For we forget about Chinese kidnapping, torture, piracy—things we used to shudder over as we sipped our breakfast coffee and waded through our newspaper.

We forget the Chinese warlords who taxed and squeezed their people, the prostitution into which Chinese girls were sold wholesale, the corruption, the complicated and incredible system of bribery.

We forget the Boxer Rebellion and its hideous crudities, the eternal civil war and the banditry—all of which were an everyday part of China's life. And we forget that, only a few years ago, every European in China was hoping to high heaven that soon someone (preferably, of course, their own government) would wade in and clean China up properly. They became so desperate, many of them, that they would have been happy for anyone—anyone at all—to clean up China and turn it into

some semblance of a civilized nation.

I do not say any of this in righteous indignation of China. What China did outside her own borders, as far as I am concerned, was strictly her own business. Nor do I say it in defense of Japanese aggression against China.

I put it all down simply as a means of clearing sentimentality out of our heads so that a little objective thinking can come into the picture. China was not a My-way-or-the-highway nation of peace- and joy-loving nationalists as it stood in those days, and no amount of present-day sympathy can paint it so.

If we wish to get at the truth, we must start with the truth.

Let H. G. Woodhead tell his story (*Truth About the Chinese Republic*):

The Chinese Republic is a myth.

It will not be made a reality by subjecting foreigners to the abuses and insecurity under which Chinese themselves have suffered at the hands of Tschens.

Since the naming of Yuan Shih-kai, the authority of the Central Government has collapsed completely. The expansion of China's armed forces has resulted in the complete transfer of political power from the civil to the military officials.

Even as theory the military

man, from the common soldier upwards, enjoys a privileged position, *status quo* is the present Chinese law: exempt him from the jurisdiction of all but military tribunals.

"In actual practice, the militiaman is not amenable to any jurisdiction, but constitutes a law unto himself. He leaves whatever taxes he wishes, massacres and destroys State property (e.g., railway and equipment), and private property.

"In time of civil strife farmers and farm laborers, coolies, carts, transport animals, carts, etc., are ruthlessly impressed into military service, without slightest prospect of compensation.

"The ordinary soldier, following the example of his officers, oppresses and ill-treats the civilian population wherever he is stationed."

Rather than give my own opinions on the state of affairs, I would rather quote a few more observers who are, perhaps, a great deal more than I did.

I give you a report by Mr. Walter Clark, British Consul at Foochow:

"The real and crying grievance of the Chinese, at any rate, of the Fukienese working man, is something a great deal more primitive than mere overwork. It is the utter insecurity of his very life.

"However indomitable he may be, he has no assurance that he will keep the earnings of his toil, or even of preserving his safety.

"Anything that he may have to put up with from a harsh or exacting employer, or from the grisly-some malfeasance of poorly paid

labor, is a mere trifle beside the fact that he may any day be seized and dragged off by robbers to their lair in the hills, and shot or tortured by them if he does not work for them as a slave, or produce for them a ransom from his relatives—whose homes these same robbers have, most likely already looted and outraged.

"If he escapes this fate, it may only be to find himself pounced on by a military gang-gang, and—again, unless he somehow finds the means of buying himself off—be commanded to carry stores for some wandering 'army' or other, which is engaged in an inextricable civil war or in plundering the countryside for support of a predatory political adventurer—used to endorse this invasion of his personal freedom without honor, without wages or any other sort of compensation, without the smallest chance of obtaining redress from the law, and exposed to every extremity of barbarity. He is lucky indeed if he should be among the 10 per cent, or so, of such persons soon that ever live to see those homes again.

"A man exposed to dings of this sort would count himself happy if he could be in a country where the rule of law is sufficiently firmly established to give people leisure to complain of long hours of work.

"There are plenty of people in China fully capable of preparing and printing sets of regulations on any subject whatever but between the publication and the general enforcement of regulations a wide gulf is fixed in all countries, and in no country is this gulf wider than in China."



"Remember me? Do the follow you planned yesterday!"

Now Willard Price (Japan Reaches Out) on the subject of taxes and "opium": "Behind the altar of sacrifice upon which China is offering are old warlords who still think first of themselves and their kin, secondarily, if at all, of their country.

"Theirs is government by whim. Their rule is that of Oriental pashas. A word, and a head comes off. A nod, and a dozen captured comedians are replaced by fresh ones. A wave of the opium pipe, and looting soldiers ravage a countryside.

"Taxes are Indicuous. Many communities have been forced to pay taxes thirty years in advance. The warlord borrows such amounts upon the scholar who can think of a new tax. And so we find taxes on everything from potato plants and chickens to wedding-chairs and coffins.

"In Hankow and Swatow nearly every move in the life of a pig, not to mention its pre-natal and its after-life, is subject to tax. There is, for the pig, a tax upon the intercourse which generated it, a tax upon its birth, a tax upon its infancy, a tax upon its trough, a tax upon the weighing of it, a tax upon the butchering of it, a tax upon selling it, and a tax upon eating it.

"When concrete andable objects can see, abstractions are taxed. Thus were the Civic Welfare Tax, the Pugilism Tax, the Benevolence Tax, the Righteousness Tax, the Loyalty Tax, and many others.

"There are ingeneous taxes which has a man if he commits a certain offence and also a fine if he does not. For example, there is a heavy penalty for growing opium. The

clever warlord levies it in advance upon every farmer . . . who therefore must grow opium in order to pay the fine . . .

"So complicated is the maze of taxation that a warlord cannot be expected to manipulate all the strings himself. Therefore, he sells a "tax monopoly," that is the right to collect a certain tax, to the highest bidder. Naturally, the latter expects to make money on the deal, therefore, he charges the taxpayers many times the actual amount of the tax . . .

"Recently, I met one of the best of the warlords, Marshal Yen Hui-shan, who acquired credit as the "model governor" of Shantung . . .

"As a governor, he was a model by comparison. His people, unlike the Szechuanese, who have paid taxes forty years in advance, have paid certain taxes only five years in advance.

"Instead of levying all their goods confiscated by taxation, often only ninety per cent. of their income went in tax, leaving them ten per cent. to live on. They ate cheap, armed with mallet and scythe while others starved to death."

Then there is Edgar Snow, one of the foremost reporters in the Far East—a journalist who is quoted all over the earth. He wrote:

"In cities—where officials dined or played with sing-song girls—there was grain and food, and had been for some months. In Peking and Tientsin and everywhere were thousands of tons of wheat and mallet, collected by the Far East Commission, but which could not be shipped to the starving.

"And why not? Because, as the

north-west there were some military who wanted to hold all their selling stock and would not release any of it towards the east, while in the east there were other Kuomintang generals who would send no selling stock to the west—even to the starving people—because they feared it would be seized by their rivals.

"While this famine raged, the Communists decided to build a big canal to help flood some of the land baked by drought.

"The officials gave them every co-operation—and promptly began to buy—for a few cents an acre—all the land that was to be irrigated.

"A flock of scutlers thus descended on this benighted country, and purchased from the starving farmers thousands of acres for the taxes in arrears, at for a few coppers, and held it . . ."

Then there was the great Chang Hsueh-lung, ruler of Manchuria in 1931. According to Mr. R. Townsend, an American Comal, he, ". . . practised the usual abominations of Chinese military chiefs. He confiscated what he pleased; he jugged the currency to loot the population; he instigated every variety of ravenous tax to raise cash for bribing supporters and maintaining a great private

army. He instigated every kind of banchury that might suit his continuance in power.

"According to Chinese accusers, he was at a theater on the night his long programme of anti-Japanese subversive resulted in a sudden Japanese attack.

"The Chinese report that Chang Hsueh-lung kept his not while messages passed into his box asking for surrenders. He seemed quite apathetic to events, and was reported at the same theater the next night, while Japanese troops were sweeping across the country as what was the start of the fall of Manchuria.

"Chang had thoughtfully stowed away, in other countries, enough of his loot to keep him in comfort. A sallow-faced opium addict, perhaps he could hide for the outcome. It is no wonder that his 250,000 troops offered scant resistance to the Japanese, nor is it to be wondered at that many of them promptly deserted to the Japanese side, aware that Japanese administration was likely to be better than anything under Chinese management."

That, then, is a picture of China, on the eve of the Sino-Japanese conflict—and for some time afterwards.

of the Balkan War Zone

The little group gathered admiringly round the celebrated contortionist.

"Perhaps my most famous feat," said the performer modestly. "Two car I performed in the Great Lituan Desert. The pitless sun glared down upon me, and on the limitless level sand. Not a shrub, not even a haloxylon, in any direction."

"Go on," cried the audience. "What did you do?"

"Well," replied the contortionist. "I sat down in my own shadow!"—Dashed Opinions.

A FORTUNE LOST

DEZSO URAY

The invention of safety matches, offering fame and fortune, was lost and he is an unappreciated woman.

The strange story of the man who invented the phosphorous match possesses a personality who, under the influence of love and politics, did not care a hang for his invention and was willing to throw away for cheapness the fortune it might have brought him, and the fame of being one of mankind's great benefactors.

The whole thing began on the day Professor Meissner, a famous professor of chemistry at the University of Vienna, tried for an hour or more during his lecture to "combust" lead oxide by rubbing it with flowers of sulphur. Although the professor kept on rubbing and rubbing, and the students unconsciously kept on watching, nothing happened, and at last the professor gave up the experiment for that day.

The failure annoyed the professor, but irritated even more the student who had helped him with the experiment, a young Hungarian named Janos Irinyi. On his way home the young man racked his brain to find a way of making the experiment work. Suddenly he had an idea. For cheapness he bought small quantities of phosphorus, lead oxide and gum arabic. At home he dissolved the phosphorus in hot water, let it cool, mixed the solu-

tion with lead oxide and gum arabic, and spread it on ten small sticks—the same kind of stick which was then already in use for sulphur matches. This was done in about twenty minutes, and the student laid the sticks to dry on the window-sill.

In the evening he struck one of the sticks against the rough wall of his room and nodded contentedly when the match gently lit up and slowly burnt itself out.

"Of course," said the seventeen-year-old student to himself, "it had to come off." And he decided to pull the professor's leg next day.

During the next lecture Irinyi unexpectedly took out one of his matches, struck it against the wall, and watched the astonished faces of the students and their professor. Then he explained the composition of his new match and struck a few more, by way of showing off.

"You know you could take out a patent for your match," the professor said kindly, but Irinyi only shook his head. He was a dreamer, and cared not for riches; he was only a boy, ready to sacrifice a lot for the sake of a joke or a clever or malicious remark.

After the lecture he confessed to some of his friends his real reason for not wanting to take out a



"Certainly not, Private Weston. I will not tell the Colonel if he'll trade two days' service for one month's 'passes' instead!"

parent for his invention. In order to take out a patent he would have had to address himself to the Imperial Patent Office in Vienna. But Irinyi came from Hungary, and his family belonged to those who were in violent opposition to the Habsburgs.

"You really can't expect me to humiliates myself before the Imperial Patent Office for the sake of such a trifle," the boy said. And he stuck to this point of view in spite of their persuasions.

A few weeks later he was introduced by a friend to a man called Römer, who had heard of Irinyi's invention and wanted to go into partnership with him to exploit it. Irinyi went to see Römer and met his daughter, a lovely and charming girl. The sight of her put all ideas of exploiting the invention out of his head; indeed, he nearly forgot the invention itself. The only thing he wanted was to get old Römer's permission to call again and see Miss Römer often. Römer, less romantically inclined and rather annoyed at the young man's foolishness, offered Irinyi money for the invention, but the young man was horrified at the idea of accepting even a penny from the father of such a daughter.

Römer insisted, and at last Irinyi, who was longing to get rid of the father and talk to the daughter instead, said: "All right, then. Give me the speech. That's what it cost me. Then you can do what you like with my silent invention."

Römer was a good business man, but he was too honest to take advantage of the boy's folly.

"Sorry," he said, "I can't agree to that. So I'm afraid the whole thing's off."

Irinyi was frightened. If he annoyed the father he would not be able to see the daughter again. Finally he gave in to the old man and accepted silent dollars. His hope was that he would often have to come to talk over his invention and that Miss Römer would gradually grow fond of him and consent to become his wife.

The girl had no objection to the clever young man's admiration, but she was probably aware that her beauty entitled her to a much better match than this inventor of matches. When at last Irinyi had the pluck to propose to the girl, he received such a rebuff that in his despair he left the Römer house for ever, and Vienna, too.

Returning to Hungary, he lived for some time on his small estate, dividing his time between agriculture and the writing of treatises on chemistry. He seems to have remained faithful to the memory of his first love, for he avoided all women as far as possible. In 1846 he suddenly gave up the quiet of the country-side and moved to Budapest. Here he established a small phosphorus-match factory and a shop where he himself sold his invention, the "scintillant" phosphorus match. Both the factory and the shop were soon on the way to becoming a good investment.

At that time the matches used all over Europe were the primitive sulphur matches, which were handicapped by their bad smell. Smokers disliked them because the burning sulphur hurt the throat. Women

using them in the kitchen hated them because when lit they exploded and spit tiny particles of sulphur about, and also because they made the whole kitchen smell abominably. Irinyi's matches had none of these unpleasant qualities. The inventor soon received orders from all parts of Hungary, and was forced to enlarge his factory.

For eight years Irinyi was busy match-making. Then the Hungarian rebellion against the Habsburgs flared up. Irinyi's factory closed down at once; he returned home and went in for politics. On the day he left Budapest he said goodbye to his invention once and for all.

After the rebellion had been crushed, Irinyi worked for some time as a clerk. Later, after the reconciliation between the Habsburgs and Hungary, he became a civil servant. But his restless nature would not allow him to remain at anything long. He gave up his job and returned home again, living on

his estate till his death in 1899. He died worth only a tiny fraction of the millions which he might have made by his invention.

On the day when Irinyi struck his first phosphorus match in the lecture-room his invention became an open secret. In 1840, the year in which Irinyi began making his matches in Budapest, Professor Moldenhauer, of Dresden, established a large phosphorus-match factory in Germany. Except his always contested the invention of the phosphorus match and the matches industry which resulted from it with the name of the German professor, although Professor Moldenhauer himself always denied being the inventor. So the story of the romantic young Hungarian who surrendered fame and fortune for the sake of love and patriotism a hundred and one years ago, became one of the forgotten things of history.

—Tales of Yesterday, Budapest.

Luxury Cruise

We've been building to a British naval reserve officer who, at the outbreak of the current war, was given command of a huge luxury yacht. It had been the property of one of London's most aristocratic millionaires.

Our naval officer took as that he'd been a sailor for thirty years and, man and boy, had never seen anything like this ocean-going obelisk. Besides its palatial comforts it was rich in eccentricities. Its former owner having been quite a blude. But now it was Eng-land's, given as a token of the monarch the skipper were only too glad to make.

It was during the naval officer's first night at command that he noticed, while lying abed in the master's cabin, a row of push buttons at the bedside. He studied them briefly and then experienced. "I selected one at random," he said to me. "I trusted it. There was a general alarm and a heavy howe-ho and, bang, I was bring in bed next door with the sub-lieutenant."

—Gulliver, U.S.A.



"You just had it cracked, but I can't do a thing with it."

FLYING DOCTOR

G. H. MOSHER

"Standing by, Woolungs," said the grizzled, sun-baked man at the microphone of Station ESK, Broken Hill. "Call me back on the twelve-meter band when you've taken the patient's temperature."

He flicked a switch and the hum of the powerful transmitter subsided. The only sound in the radio room was the mirthful cackle of the receiving set's loudspeaker, tuned to the twelve-meter wavelength. The bronzed man was Dr. J. G. Woods, one of Australia's six flying physicians. He looked across at his pilot. "Looks like a night flight, Bill," he said to that nondescript young six-footer, and lit a cigarette.

Beyond the windows a hot Australian day was dying in a flaming sunset, up there on the flat, dusty plateau of Western New South Wales. Inside of ten minutes it would be dark—and there hundred miles away at a lonely cattle "station" a woman hovered on the borderline of that greater darkness, far beyond the reach of ordinary doctors.

The loudspeaker crackled sharply. "ESK," it said, "her temperature is 104. What shall I do? She is dying! Over to you."

Dr. Woods snapped another switch, waited while the power

burn mounted. "Hello, Woolungs," he said, "we are coming immediately. In about two hours' time—not later—light a row of fires down the side of your landing field in the direction of the wind. Keep them burning until we get there. And don't worry. We will probably bring her in to hospital on the return trip. Signing off."

He shut off the set, picked up his switch, and the pilot drove them rapidly over the rough road from the Aerial Medical Service base to the aerodrome. Twenty minutes later their twin-engined Dragon Rapide cabin plane left the ground in the darkness at 100 miles an hour, the pale levelled off at two thousand feet, watched the airspeed needle creep up to 150 and set a course for Woolungs, a tiny spot in that great sea of darkness one million square miles in area which represented the Australian "silent" at night.

The pilot was a veteran in "bush" flying. He flew directly to where those fires made a glaring hole in the night, and the sick woman who had dengue fever was rushed to hospital in time.

Such flights of mercy, at any hour of the night or day, in sandstorms, heat and sun, are part and parcel of the Australian Flying

Doctors' Eds. Last year *glosses* and *doctors* of the Australian Aerial Medical Service flew more than 100,000 miles, and dozens of lives were saved which would have otherwise snuffed out in the isolation of those barren places known as the "great outback," and peopled by only a few thousand hardy sheep and cattle raisers and their families.

Imagine living in a land where it is sometimes a hundred miles to your nearest neighbour where for seven months of the year the temperature tops 100 degrees, ranging up toward 115 in midsummer; where, in drought periods, all the creeks and waterholes go bone-dry and you watch your hands drying for want of a drink; where scores of persistent flies pester you for ten months out of twelve; and where about once every two weeks great "black" dust storms sweep across the plains. In these "dusties" visibility is restricted to about five yards. Your mouth gags with the dust in your food as you eat, and dust reds you with on everything in your house, sifts in through the smallest cracks in windows and doors. Then, after months when the earth is so dry that dust puffs up from the ground with every step you take—comes the floods when it rains for days on end, turning the plains into a sea of red mud and completing your isolation from the outside world.

The roads in the "outback," bumpy tracks at their best, are unusable then, and there are no telephones there so it would cost too much per subscriber to string "phone" lines and they would have to be repaired after each bad dust-storm.

Well, that is the Australian inland and I take off my hat to the courage of the sturdy bushfolk who live there and raise their herds. Normally the land supports enough vegetation—in the form of salt bush and buffalo grass—to feed sheep and cattle, and the herdsman is made up by grazing them over ranches or "stations" as the Aussies call them, which sometimes cover as much as 12,000 square miles.

Of Australia's seven million inhabitants, more than two and a half million live in the two cities of Sydney and Melbourne, while the smaller cities and more heavily settled fertile coastal areas claim the rest—except for those few thousands of hardy souls who pioneer the interior, shoulder to shoulder with the blacks. For a thousand miles by a thousand miles, 1,000,000 square miles in all, stretches that flat, sandy plain, broken only by an occasional hill.

When you drive any place in the Australian interior, as the writer knows from three years' experience, you can't be sure of getting dust. We used to take along a shovel, so called five-gallon can of petrol, a set of wind chimes, any spare parts handy, a complete set of tools, matches, food rations and a canvas water bag which we suspended from the front bumper so it would keep cool in the wind. And often enough we needed them all.

This explains why stockmen, living alone in their homesteads, are sometimes discovered dead, fly-blown, shocking sights, months after the Gun Reaper had claimed them.

The A.M.S. is putting an end

to all that, thanks to a sturdy old Man of God named the Rev. John Flynn, and known to all Aussies as "Flynn of the Outback." For the Australian Inland Mission Flynn travelled a far-flung parish embracing hundreds of thousands of square miles, at first by camel, and then by motor-truck. After heart-breaking years of watching lonely Death, he got the idea of using scrupulous and radio to link up the "land" with the outside world.

To-day six Aerial Medical Service bases, located at Broken Hill, Kalgoorlie, Coober Pedy, Port Hedland, and Wyndham, all settlements of considerable size on the borders of the great interior region, and at Alice Springs, a gold mining camp in almost the exact centre of it, keep in touch with thousands of settlers every day by radio, and at each of these spots fast airplanes, doctors and pilots are located.

Flynn's idea caught on. The first experimental base was set up in Coober Pedy in 1934. The radio network has been built up during the past ten years, after much experiment by Harold Trager, a radio expert, who succeeded in designing a radio transmitter-receiver at a cost of about £75 which does not depend on electric power or batteries, but can be operated by simply pedalling a set of bicycle pedals which charges up a small dynamo. The sets have a range of 100 miles, and thousands of them have been sold at cost price to the land settlers. Where several settlers live close to one another, they buy a set between them.

Every day the radio operator at each of the A.M.S. bases contacts

each unit in the network, passes the time of day, takes down telegrams for transmission to the outside world, and passes along information required. If there is sickness in any household the doctor practitioner rides over the air, and if a patient's condition becomes serious, pays a call by plane.

For the past two years A.M.S. Doctors and Pilots have been exceptionally busy, for between calls they have been flying new radio apparatus in to stations joining the network, superintending its installation, and seeing that in each case a field near the homestead is cleared and levelled for the 'plane to land on.

At Broken Hill I had a chance to steady the Flying Doctor's work at close-hand, for he kept his big Dragon Rapide airplane in the hangar of the Aero Club of Broken Hill, of which I was president. I flew with him on calls, several times, and once we went through a sandstorm, with the temperature 115 degrees.

The Flying Doctor and his Pilot have to be conscientious men, and they live by a strict regimen each day. The Doctor lives in the same building with the radio base, and whenever he leaves for an hour or so several times must advise the radio operator where he can be located on the "phone, in case an emergency develops. The pilot is similarly restricted in his movements.

Flying over the Australian inland calls for special skill because there is almost a complete absence of landmarks. The country is flat, sandy and characterless, even by

lined up creek-beds. Sometimes a lake is shown on a map, but when you get to the spot you find it had dried up long ago and you can pass right over it without being able to distinguish it from the surrounding country. Herds of kangaroos and cassas (birds similar to the ostrich) sweep the plains in search of food. Flying is mostly by compass-course and if you happen to miss the place you are heading for, a forced landing in the desert, starvation, thirst and death lie in wait for you.

One of the most adventurous Flying Doctors in Australia was Dr. Clive Fenlon, a Government Health Officer who patrolled the region surrounding Darwin on the north coast. Fenlon bought himself an old Moth aeroplane many years ago, and taught himself to fly by the trial and error method. After many crack-ups, which he miraculously survived, he became a remarkable pilot, although he did not hold a license for either himself or his aircraft, and was considered something of an outlaw by the Australian Civil Aviation authorities.

At one time or another he has been lost on half a dozen occasions, and aircraft sent to find him have located him sitting by the wreckage of his machine somewhere away off on the plains, conserving his last few ounces of water and the remnants of his emergency rations. He established a precedent not long ago, by landing his 'plane in the main street of a town, one day, and running up to the local petrol station. When the astonished station attendant had filled the Moth's tank with ten gallons of 50 octane petrol, Fenlon paid him, waved a

cheery farewell and turned around and took off down the street again.

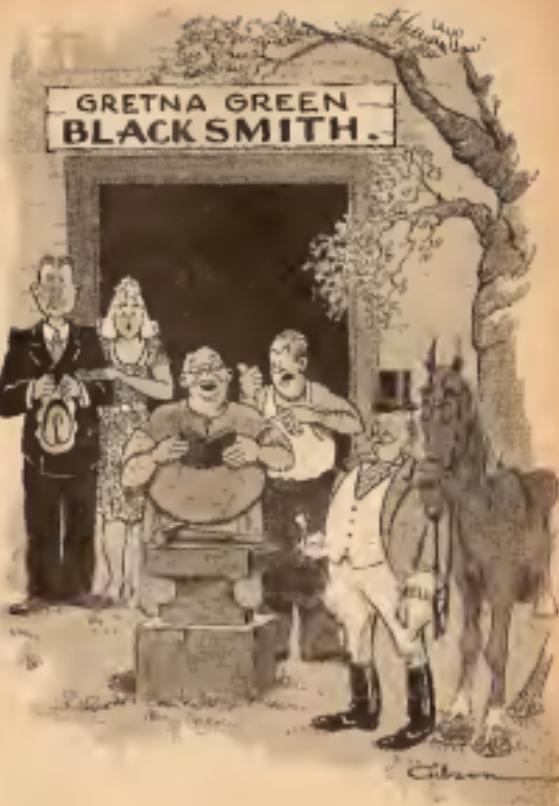
Reversing at night from some emergency trip of other, it was his habit to fly low over the outdoor movie theatre at Darwin, and sometimes he came so low that Darwinites have told me he passed between where they were sitting and the screen. This was by way of announcing himself so local folks could drive their cars out to the aerodrome and provide sufficient illumination from their headlights for him to land his ship.

Fenlon is one of the most beloved characters in Australia, seems to fear nothing, and undoubtedly bears a charmed life. God appears to make an man like that. To-day he is an officer of the Royal Australian Air Force.

Doctor Woods of Broken Hill made medical history recently when he successfully directed the setting of a broken shoulder over the radio. A Mission Sire at a pedal-transmitter set in a far-off homestead passed along his instructions to a pair of bushy cattle-men, and within five minutes they had strapped the boss back into position and syphoned splints. Making a personal visit a few days later the doctor found the job as equal to anything he could have done himself.

A hundred miles from your nearest neighbor, no telephone, and with aman to no ready, yet a doctor can be summoned in not more than five hours, even if you are 100 miles from an A.M.S. base. That is progress of which Australia should be justly proud!

—Commercial Aviator, Toronto.



"Not bad. Think I've overdone this a bit to be married . . . the gentleman only wants his horse shod."



Editorial ★ ★ ★ ★

Many a time, CAVALCADE and THE INSIDER have loudly cried to heaven for increased Australian propaganda.

Little has been done about it, so since more this publication addresses itself to this question, begins loudly crying again, this to show why and how it is necessary.

Parable: There were once two brothers; they were just about equal in everything—in spirit, personality, brain, health, and what have you.

One brother, however, had the knack of publicizing himself, of convincing the world that he had capabilities that were well worthwhile, that he was a durable employee—a man with talent and administrative ability.

The brother actually had all these qualities; but he had something else, too. He had push, confidence in himself, enthusiasm. He knew he was right because something inside him told him so.

In effect, he was unconsciously

influenced by his own propaganda. He had painted a lively picture of himself; he had so strove hard to live up to that picture.

The other brother sat in the background, made no headway at all—although there was no difference in their capabilities.

Australia, recently, has been charged with the crime of apathy. That is not the fault of Australians; they have been silenized to sit in the background. Men for men, they are as good—if not better than my other race in the world.

Act as we are, their country ranks with the world's best. Once for once, their strength, brains, achievement, and capabilities are the equal of any.

What, then, do they lack? They lack a great, inspired leader, who will show them the way. They lack that publicity that will lift and drive them from nothing—propaganda that will give them an inner fire, pride, a sheer restless

CAVALCADE

Presents

THE BALANCED REVIEW

The Balanced Review is from the balanced mind of the "Insider". It views propaganda in its entirety. It interests one Australian interests and the grievances of Poles in the battle. It is completely honest towards history of cultural evolution and independently assesses the continuing of civilization.

desire to be up and doing.

That sort of propaganda cannot be conducted along penny-pinching lines. It will have to be a tremendous and vocal force. But it will more than pay for itself in a thousand ways.

That Australians will respond to such publicity, and the sentiments it embodies, has been proved hundred of times.

In a Sydney theatre recently, a little wren-girl named Dennis Durbin sang (for British Empire consumption, in a tail-piece stock unto the end of *Nine O'Clock*) *There'll Always Be an England*.

The effect of that simple, isolated song was terrific. In the mind of all the audience who have seen that picture there remains one very clear picture—simply Dennis, singing *There'll Always Be an England*. When they have forgotten (as most have already), what the story was, they will still remember that tail-piece. It lifted them out of their seats; it buried them so

that they scarcely breathed, it made many weep.

Australians are ready to rise up as they have never risen before for their country, their Empire. They know that tail-piece was propaganda. But that did not matter; it was their propaganda, it mirrored their feelings. They wanted to go out and smash things and conquer the world—because in that moment they could feel the strength of their own, bulging national muscles.

Propaganda is not, as some have unfortunately been taught to believe, the art of lying coercively and picturesquely to the masses.

It is more than that. It is the belief that tells us, and the whole world, that we are proud to be what we are, we are proud of our way of life, and of the freedom that that way of life has thrown into our laps.

It tells more than that. It is evidence that we are up and doing, that we are on our toes and awake.

The Pacific

... PACIFIC REVIEW

During May, no one got a very clear picture of the Pacific. There were all sorts of rambles and rumors, up and down with very little indication of what really was in the air.

Some reports said that Japan was seeking peace; others thought that both China and Japan were getting together on some peace-formulas.

In Tokyo, Foreign Minister Matsuoka had talked with Axis diplomats. In Washington, American diplomats had talked with British conferees. In Australia, the natives got snaked necks and sore eyes from trying to follow all the movements.

At month's end, things were largely unclarified. Japan was still marking time, while the voice of Japanese moderation could be heard somewhat louder than usual.

U.S.A. was marking time a little more objectively. Looking back, it was seen that North America had moved perceptibly—towards Britain. How much more she would move during June was the question. At any rate at all, some believed, her time-marching would break into a double-quick march.

... TO BEGIN

At the beginning of May, U.S.A. lifted her right foot tentatively, as though to march, brought it down with a hard stamp.

Before the Chambers of Com-



merce Convention, Admiral H. R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, opened his mouth wide. Before him, neatly spread, neatly typed, in a tidy naval job, was his speech. Its burden: "The navy is charged with the responsibility of making sure that our ships (i.e., ships of commerce) roll down to Rio and back with no enemy molesting them but winter and rough weather."

"Your tankers bring Tuna gano-
line up to serve New Jersey filling
stations mid-ocean; your freighters
put out and return from Sydney
and Singapore—from Batavia, Man-
ila, and Hong Kong, with un-
broached cargoes."

"Finally, the navy is there to en-
sure that the American nation pro-
ceed on their legitimate affairs to
the end of the earth and back, no
man making them afraid..."

... BOMBSHELL

At the tail-end of his speech, he threw a broadside—smirking it, like a good sailor, for its element of surprise. What he had to say was not typed on his bundle of notes. It came right out of his head.

Said he: "I wish I could talk about convoys. I would like to tell you about our patrols, 3,000 miles out—from high latitudes to the Antilles in both oceans..."

Later, journalists flocked around him, squalling like sea-gulls around a loaf of floating bread. Explained he, to them: "Perhaps 2,000 miles

is a better approximation, but a few weeks ago the patrol line was moved substantially outward."

... MORE

Very soon, other voices were added to sailor Stark's. President Roosevelt backed him up, and yes indeed, U.S.A. ships were spotting raiders, U-boats, etc., announcing their position by radio.

To this, Republican Leader Wendell Willkie added his voice, demanded more action than war-harassed President Roosevelt was yet prepared to announce.

Demanded Willkie, by indirect approach: "If I were President of these United States, I should ask the Army, Navy and Air experts to advise on the best possible method of protecting our cargoes."

"I absolutely favor ensuring de-
livery, whether by convoy, aeroplane,
airplane, accompanying merchant
ships, or whatever methods those
experts deem best. I believe that
the present use of the Navy is not
enough."

Meantime, Naval Secretary Colonel Roosevelt was giving out that, within three months, U.S.A. armament would be greater than that of any other country in the world.

... SUGGESTIONS

At May's beginning, the John Tamm, badly mistiming his cue, issued a suggested 10-point proposal for world peace. The suggestion went off with a bang; a bang which, however, back-fired.

That idea was a typical newspaper office peace-plan, half-baked, damp, full of fizz. True purpose

of the plan was something no one could fathom.

It was at a conference at which everyone (Germany, Italy, Japan, U.S.A., Britain) would sit in Terms (notr alto) no more than Australia, Monroe Doctrine, unequal naval strength, British strongholds (Malta, Singapore, Hong Kong, etc.).

... PEACE

Few days later, news came that perhaps China and Japan were talking peace—or perhaps to talk peace—on China's terms.

According to Tokyo's journal, Nach Nippon, Japanese Ambassador Honda, from Nanking, was on his way home with a bagful of peace-proposals he had picked up somewhere.

The story was that tough, battle-fighting Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had had and be would consider an armistice if Japanese troops quitred China, U.S.A., refuted.

Meanwhile, the Army's journal *Kokusai* came out with a surprise attack on Nazism and everything else. It said: "To date, no one here (in Japan) has seemed capable or willing to make any comment on the fact that Nazism in Japan is as dangerous to our way of life as is Communism in a Democracy."

"Why is care not being taken here to guard us against this national socialism? The time is ripe for us to do some soul-searching and to make some inquiries about the tremendous network of Nazi espionage throughout Japan."

In French Indo-China, Colonel Sato was saying that: "It is most unlikely Japan would go to war with the United States of America

—even if that coarsely entered the European war.

"We will fight only on one provocation—that is, if we are attacked . . . there are plenty of loopholes in our Tripartite Pact."

... SPEECH

In the United States, President Roosevelt was scheduled to make a "most important" broadcast speech. There was plenty of speculation, rumor, forecasting of what he would say.

Nearly everyone with enough importance to get near a microphone had, in the past few days, had their say on the question of convoys. Most leaders—Army, Navy, Air—were outright in demanding convoys.

Perhaps President Roosevelt would give them convoys.

Said the *New York Journal P.M.*: "There are very strong reasons for believing that the President will come out with a definite proposal for union between England and the United States.

"Some are saying that this proposal of his will be for a union at the conclusion of the war. Others—including this paper—believe that it will be for a union before then.

"There is also a considerable amount of evidence that the proposal will be for a joint Anglo-American naval command."

In Italy, Rome newspapers were quite certain that Roosevelt's speech would announce outright American intervention in the war on the side of Britain.

What he was going to say, actually, only President Roosevelt knew—and he told no one.

Possibilities were that it would be convoying with a new twist to it. To date, Roosevelt has made no concessionary move. While everyone was talking about America's Neutrality Act, the impossibility of lending money to Britain until it was repealed, the difficulty of giving aid to Britain, U.S.A.'s President found a way to twist need behind the Act with his Lend-or-Lease idea.

Near and easy, it ducked behind the Neutrality Act, surprised everyone with its cunning simplicity.

No doubt, President Roosevelt would make another move that was just as cunningly simple, just as unusual, just as he removed from the conventional.

... OBJECTION

In loud objection, ex-President Hoover raised his voice against convoys with a considered plea.

His idea: That America could best serve Britain's interests by keeping outside the conflict. He upheld the necessity for giving fast aid to Britain.

Convoys, however, he said, would bring the U.S.A. into the war—inevitably. This would mean that his country would have to train, equip, mechanize about 5,000,000 men.

To ferry these men, this material across the Atlantic, at least 40,000,000 tons of shipping would be needed. If Germany wanted to invade the U.S., she would need the same number of troops, the same equipment, same shipping.

He thought that his United States were doing enough at present.

... POSTPONEMENT

Google of days later, at the middle of May, it was announced that for reasons unspecified classified long-agoed President Roosevelt would not give his broadcast as scheduled. He would deliver a Fireside Chat on 27 May.

According to insiders, there was some division of opinion on the subject of convoying and other aid-to-Britain matters. U.S.A.'s next move—whatever it might be—would bring her perilously close to war.

At this date, there was still a large and influential section of the States reliably opposed to entanglement in the European war.

Therefore, it seemed reasonable to suppose that whatever Franklin Roosevelt had to say, it was probably something that would carry America well into the danger-zone.

Already, Germany was threatening to sink convoying American warships on sight, to send supply-carrying American merchantmen heading towards the Red Sea to the bottom.

... CLEAR-CUT

In London's House of Commons, naive Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden clearly told Japan what he thought was what.

Said he: "I have informed the Japanese Government that our primary object is to conserve supplies

for our war-effort and to prevent supplies reaching our enemies."

"Japan's attitude towards our interests, however, naturally affects our economic policy."

... MEETINGS

In Japan, everyone was scurrying around meeting everyone else. Ambassador Joseph Grew (U.S.A.) visited Foreign Minister Matsuoka. Ambassador Orange (Britain) went and did likewise.

One way and another, Foreign Minister Matsuoka was hobnobbing with Axis diplomats. Out of all that visiting, no concrete evidence developed.

... VISITOR

In U.S.A., Prime Minister Menzies (Australia) specified at length, did no bale good for Britain's cause by his forthright replies to reporters, his clear-thinking orations, his "honest, manly propaganda."

During his tour abroad, Prime Minister Menzies had learned to speak. Somehow, somewhere, he had learned the trick of stimulating masses, lifting them, holding them—a trick he had not known before he went away.

In other words, Robert Gordon Menzies went away as a raw politician, had come back with a punch and polish that might well make him the leader his country was desperately seeking.

International

—U.S.A.—



came to suggested Ambassador Bonnet.

... WAR

In some Washington circles, these points were being made without comment but much. They were hard facts, spoke for themselves, needed no comment or elaboration:

(1) In Berlin, many American correspondents had already packed up, left for home. Those that were left (according to the arrivals) had also packed their traps, were watching carefully for the last ticks of the clock so they could make a last-minute getaway without being caught.

(2) In U.S.A. German diplomats had been given official instructions from Berlin that they must be ready to leave at three days' notice. Some of them had already started to burn the bulk of their papers and documents—a burned procedure which every diplomat goes through just before he asks for his passport.

(3) Americans visiting British countries—or any country overseas which necessitates a boat-trip home—were being quietly advised by their Consuls (if and when they asked for advice) to catch the earliest ship they could conveniently manage.

(4) There were very few American women left in Germany. Most had already left, were waiting in nearby neutral countries or making for home. Few, too, were the

Up-coming for a long time has been the growing breach between the United States and France's Vichy Government. To those who knew what was doing on the inside, it was no surprise that last month Franco's Ambassador Gustav Henot-Haye should get himself into hals and hawser with Washington officials when Marshal Petain's "closer collaboration with Germany" scheme was announced.

Few weeks ago, Germany's Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop conceived the brilliant idea of apportioning and/or removing U.S.A. by using France as a bridge.

Therefore, he suggested to hillbilly, decadent Marshal Petain that tall, elegant Georges Bonnet should be sent to Washington as Ambassador, and M. Henot-Haye recalled.

The idea, M. Bonnet, as an appeaser who had undermined France's system of alliances, had a finger deep in the Munich plot, sabotaged the Franco-Soviet Agreement would be able to find plenty of scope for his talents in the States.

Since there are still plenty of Americans and American diplomats in Europe, however, a whisper of the reached horn, straightway, Washington gave out that it had enough trouble on its hands watching Ambassador Henot-Haye; it would certainly give no warm wel-

Americans men in Germany. They, likewise, were ready to scram at the drop of a hat.

—Germany—

... SECRETS

In 1934, at Germany's Junkers factory, experiments were being made with the idea of a rocket-plane—i.e., a 'plane which could be given extra propulsive by means of rockets so that, although it was very heavily laden, it would lift easily and quickly off the ground.

Once in the air, weight does not matter so much.

Last month, rumors of German rocket-propelled (for taking off only) 'planes were floating out of the Committee.

According to these reports, Junkers were now turning out rockets to be fitted to Ju 88 aircraft. This would make things a whole lot simpler.

For example, Germany's newest, four-engined Herkules 177 is so heavy under full load that it can be operated only from a near-perfect airfield. French dromes (those nearest Britain) are unsuitable.

Operating from Germany, therefore, these machines must either carry less petrol or a smaller bomb-load—either of which circumstances damage its efficiency.

If rockets can lift it quickly into the air, Germany will have solved a big problem for her battleship-bombers.

... ANOTHER

Another German high-bomb secret is supposed to be a silent and invisible 'bomber'. This is no

spotted, unknown bomber. It is simply an ordinary Ju 88 camouflaged in a new and not very exciting way. Last September, these Ju 88's were winged right and left when they turned up over Berlin.

Latest edition, however, has two 1,200 h.p. motors that have been modified down (thus becoming "inert"—somewhat exaggerated description). "Invisibility" has been accomplished by using transparent fuel and wings, camouflaging what can't be made transparent. Greatest weakness with that sort of thing is that, once an 'plane is brought down, the cat is out of the bag and the principle (if workable) improved upon and adopted to British 'planes.

... AND ANOTHER

Boasted more than any other "secret" is the Rontgen Ray—a sort of X-ray television set.

This, according to the French, was invented by Professor Hans Dohler, Los Ohmelsbach, of the Berlin Technical High School. Its duty: To show the way through fog and thin clouds.

It is supposed to be very complicated and a special man is necessary to use it. By its use, barrage balloons are avoided and targets "nailed on."

The Aeroflage, foreman of British aerial journals, had something to say on the subject. Commented his editor: "The value of this device (if it comes) was proved by the failure to use it towards the end of January when, for more than a week, the greater part of England was buried in and below a thick pall of fog, cloud, and mist."

Britain

... UNDERNEATH

After the Great War, earnest, fact-seeking men rooted around in the ruins and brought to light some most evil-smelling facts. Most of these facts had to do with the perfidy of Big Business, which knows no international barriers, owns few principles, worships only the gods of interest and profit.

These men, along with a Commission of Enquiry set up by the League of Nations to investigate all the evil wartime deeds, uprooted some interesting, if nosyonic information.

The Briey Basin scandal — a toothsome piece of treachery if ever there was one, and since mouthed by Socialists of every tribe on every possible and impossible occasion — was not the least of Capital's sins.

It was found that International Capital had served each side with consummate impartiality. After the war, Krupps sued in British courts for £6,000,000; this was a sum of royalties which should have been paid to Germany for patented hand-grenade fuses . . . patents of which belong to Krupps. Those grenades had blasted Germans all over France.

In a small, yellow-jacketed book (*Revisi*!), published by Gallimard, of London, authored by "The Pied Piper," some facts were handed out last month for fighting Britons to chew on.

One of his juicy stories: That tank-expert General de Gaulle, early on, had execrated a hot design for a heavy tank, then sold the

plans to the great French Armament known as the *Comité des Forges*.

This concern had (and probably still has) connections with Germany's Krupps Armament.

At this time, France was not interested in tanks; therefore, tankman de Gaulle's plans were handed out to Krupps on a royalistic basis.

Krupps made the tanks, took and took; later, they rolled down over the Lowlands and France. The Comité, of course, did not let the prevent them from collecting their royalties.

Said "The Pied Piper": The (Great War) scandals which disillusioned (our) fathers will, unless stamped out now, damp (our) enthusiasm and impair (our) efficiency.

"Here, most vividly, is the war as two fronts: the war against Hitlerism and the war against those in this country who put their own profits before the lives of their countrymen."

... THE LOWDOWN

Although no one has had much success in trying to trace the identity of Gallimard's orally anonymous victory-book writers, London journals think they have a clue.

According to one, "His sub-journalists suggest the City journalists; and, significantly, he uses the spelling 'airplane' which is an oddity of Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, *Sunday Express*, and *Evening Standard*."

Some of the points he made: (1) Even after the war outbreak, some French companies closely associated

with British firms continued to transport supplies of bauxite to Switzerland. From here, they went through to Germany. "Poundly," says he, "the recent purchase by Britain, via Switzerland of German machine-tools has been in exchange." (Very similar accusations were published after the Great War.)

(2) In the war's early stages, American reports insisted that France was exchanging war-arts for German coke.

And so on.

... THE RICH

But "The Pied Piper's" needs was not entirely against high-financhery. He was jumping energetically onto the backs of the rich. He discovered that some 100 persons had £100,000 per annum incomes, 101 were drawing £30,000 to £100,000; 102,000 were in the £2,000 per annum bracket.

Writes he: "There is certainly room for further taxation in these groups. People who are fighting for their lives in a besieged country cannot expect to live at the rate of £1,000 a year. Yet 102,000 Britons and their families are being allowed to live well above that level, and are still complaining that taxation is too heavy, that it is not worth their while to work."

Another great complaint: Between the years 1933 and 1937, profits earned by 11 of Britain's aircraft firms rose from a miserable £700,000 to something like £1,700,000.

Nevertheless, it is only when present-day profits exceed the

second, already-inflated figure, that the Excess Profits Tax comes into operation.

If "The Pied Piper" could be pulled on, he certainly had enough information to start a heavy-hant strong "those interests that are in this war for what they can get out of it—and for no other reason at all in the world."

... SAME FAITH

Of the same faith is Socialist John Strachey, who started off with pure Socialism, was coaxed over into the Communist camp, has now returned "once and for all" to return on Socialism's side of the fence.

Writes he: "Neither the British nor the American people can possibly succeed in their resistance if they remain as they are.

"Not all the skill, heroism and endurance which they will certainly display will save them; not all their vast wealth; not all their productive resources will avail them if they do not win an internal struggle of self-regeneration—a struggle more difficult than the war against the Nazi attack.

"If they do not begin to transform themselves, they will, in the end, go down to a defeat no less dreadful than that of France.

"This unscrupulously involves the subordination of the interests of their rich men to the national effort.

"The interests which stand in the way are the interests of private property men mad; they are the interests of private property turned into monopoly; of a greedy, evil,

stupid, inhuman, fear-midden but tiny majority of the population, which must be overcome if our country is to live."

In other words, Britons were beginning to take their leaders at their word, when they said: "There shall be no spectacle of treacherous nations living bonds tremendous property when this war is over."

... CORVETTES

Said Britain's Naval Lord Alexander, couple of weeks ago: "His Majesty's Corvettes have earned out, and are carrying out, the most valuable anti-submarine and convoy service. The Admiralty is satisfied that they have shown their ability to meet the urgent requirement for which they were designed."

Quite a mouthful was their first, official name Anti-Submarine vessels of the whale-catcher type. This name was fested on the unfortunate craft because they had long funnels, small displacement. Later, it was changed; Corvettes were small warships, and in early sailing and steamship days.

Britain's new Corvettes are secret weapons, smaller than destroyers; they carry a crew of from 30 to 60, tons and turn like demented corks so that even hardened sailors have difficulty holding down their food.

After France's collapse, Britain needed small, fast ships—as many as she could get, and as quickly. Destroyers, which take about two years to build, were out of the question.

In came the Corvettes. Soon, ac-

cording to says British reports, these vessels will be coming off the slips at the rate of one a month.

Most of these features are severely hash-hush. They can, however, fight U-boats in driblet of weather, be built quickly and cheaply (costing only a fraction of the expenditure required to build a destroyer).

Range, speed, armament are strictly secret.

They are slower than a destroyer, faster than a U-boat, need only one-third of a destroyer's crew, are extremely hard to hit at sea.

... TO VICTORY

Now here is a position to know what's what during wartime: are Diplomatic and Fighting brass-hats. Little time ago, U.S.A.'s famed *United States News* conducted a poll among high-ranking Army, Navy, Air Corps leaders, and members of the U.S. Department and Diplomatic Corps at Washington.

Four out of five foreign diplomats in the United States predicted that Britain would eventually win.

The figures: 82 per cent. of Foreign Diplomats voted for Britain, 7 per cent. for Germany, 70 per cent. U.S. Diplomats voted for Britain, 13 per cent. for Germany, 66 per cent. U.S. Army officials for Britain, 10 per cent. for Germany, 68 per cent. Navy Officials for Britain, 5 per cent. for Germany.

Remainder of those questioned predicted either: (1) that no one would win—that is, the war would result in a stalemate; or (2) that Britain would win with American aid.

— Switzerland —

... THE NEW SPY

For some reason—perhaps so that belligerents will have a common neutral ground on which to meet without their swords—Switzerland usually comes being embroiled in Europe's wars.

Switzerland, therefore, is a happy training-ground for spies, a marketplace in which their wares can be bought, sold, exchanged.

During Europe's Great War, spies traded to run along orthodox channels: beautiful blouses, volunteer barmettes, smoking nondescript little-shots of the game, cigar-smoking big shots.

According to an American correspondent, just returned from Switzerland, however, things are radically different this time. There is neither room nor use for the Miss Hail type who will flounce and sell everything she has for a sum of trivial information.

Even this branch of warfare has been hotted up, modernized.

Warning Governments now need different material for their espionage work—men and women who are really lacking in personality, physical charm, or any attribute that will tend to make them stand out among the masses.

Today's intelligence service does not concentrate on deal work. That part is done by a few, trusty, highly-paid experts. The mass of information is what they want.

And because mass of information—scads of news about anything—is required, masses of spies are

needed, and salaries are very short indeed.

The result: Spies are now too便宜. Their information is pooled, checked, rechecked.

Only specialists still on the job are those with many years of experience—most of whom were on duty long before the war began. The rest are small fry.

Military attaches and Embassy officials in Switzerland have estimated that the total number of secret agents white-witing each other's countries during the Great War was somewhere about 60,000.

The number employed this time—including all the small-fry—they estimate, would be about 125,000.

... SAMPLE

In Britain, last month, a factory was bombed. Next day, a Ministry Department expert arrived, notebook in hand, to examine the damage, ask questions about conditions of production, etc.

Following day, another Government Expert turned up, asked more questions, made searching inquiries.

On the third day, when a third Official arrived the factory's manager grew leery, asked to see the Official's credentials. They were produced.

Only then was it discovered that the first two gentlemen had been spys.

These two were high-class, efficient agents.

... BUSINESS

Most successful of this war's spies, said the correspondent, are

plain, honest-looking, conventional businessmen, who *aren't* armed with nothing more lethal than an order-book from neutral countries.

They poke about here and there, learning what they can. They visit and later, Today's war needs their neutral products and warning. Governments are prone to let him pass their frontiers on this account.

Eventually, he crosses back into a neutral country, then crosses into enemy territory. There, he may go to a friend, another businessman, a Diplomat, an Army Officer—almost anyone—and roll off some information about industrial bottlenecks, raw-material difficulties in certain factories, etc.

Couple of nights later, that factory is likely to be bombed—to increase the bottleneck.

Russia

ON GUARD

Just what Russia is up to, no one knows, although there are plenty of correspondents sitting up late at night cooking up stories.

From a usually reliable source, however, these facts came late month:

"One thing is certain. Russia does not and never will trust Germany. They may cook up some sort of military alliance between them—but that has been predicted by some people in this part of the world—but they cannot ever play safely side by side."

"That much is obvious without needing any facts to support it."

"There is no doubt whatever that Germany is frightened to walk through Turkey at the moment.

Thus, her aim (in accordance with the general strategical German plan) is to swing around that country. Germany always swings around (that is, encircles) stragglers which refuse to give in, or are likely to cause diplomatic difficulties.

"Thus, she has swung away from Britain for the time-being—leaving that strategists to be, perhaps, starved out or attacked at a later date—if that is possible. Russia, in fact, is the thorn in her side—a thorn that cannot be removed easily."

"So Turkey is likely to be left alone—let Russia prove difficult on the subject. If, however, Russia can be duped or bluffed into forsaking Turkey, the Turks' number is up.

"But perhaps Russia will not be duped or cajoled. For these facts are known in Moscow: (1) Few weeks ago, Berlin approached the Kremlin and asked that they be allowed to use industrial plants near that capital, and on the Volga, for the manufacture of 'plane replacement parts.'

"R.A.F. cash, pledging a well-worn groan month after month, have caused no little havoc to factories in Northern and Western Germany."

"As a consequence, they wanted to shift some of their plants to Russia. Stalin said very definitely, No."

"(2) According to a well-founded report here, Russia's OGPU has information that Germany has been disseminating propaganda among White Russians, organising them to help in the eventual attack on their Homeland."

National



NATIONAL APATHY

Well-known, indeed, is the fact that Australians are slow to react about anything, difficult to move, apathetic about almost anything that requires them to get out of their sun-warmed rut.

This is part of our nature. It is realised and recognised by everyone except the Australian Government. Writers, poets, philosophers, psychologists have all commented on it.

But because that Government cannot read, it has not yet been able clearly to set the nation's apathy.

The result: For months, almost every member of the Government on almost every occasion, great and small, he could find, has been plaintively howling for a greater war effort.

At that point, however, their leadership ceases. They have complained publicly about the Great Australian Lassitude, then suddenly into silence to do some head-wringing.

Meantime, Australians, every one of whom are anxious enough to be up and doing with increased vigor, look pitifully at their politicians, ask: "Well, what do you want us to do? Just tell us and we'll do it. You're the boss."

Every anti-apathy speech to date has been chock-full of wind and vagaries. There have been no facts, no helpful advice to listeners, no organisation for increased effort. Their bairns has been, very simply,

"Why don't you Australian people get your coats off and do something—the postman's terrible."

PREPARATION

In brief, this apathy is not as much of the people as of the Government. It is their duty to throw up factories in fact as bricks and mortar can be put together, their duty to put Labor to this job, Capital to that, their duty, in fact, to make this wide Continent ring with industry.

For years, this war has been blowing up. All those years, the Australian Government has had to argue and prepare. It required very little foresight to see that some preparation to boost patriotism and fight apathy would be needed.

At the war's outbreak there was plenty of enthusiasm. It ran wild, split over. Later, sobering began—volunteers ceased in numbers which embarrassed the Government because they did not have the organisation to handle them.

After that, recruiting fell away, and is now far short of its previous impetus.

COMPLAINTS

Long and loud have been the complaints of Recruiter Lloyd Long and loud he has railed against "apathy." His trouble: He is trying to catch swordfish with fly-hooks.

Said "Scipio" in his clear-headed

book, (180,000,000 after—if We Gleam): "... an apathetic or defeatist public opinion is always evidence of inadequate leadership. Hitler understands this fact, 'A man that is apathetic and dull is the greatest threat to us. Apathy is to the masses a defensive form of repetition. . . . The statesman who fails to take immediate steps against growing apathy of the masses ought to be impeached' (Hitler Speaks, p. 209). Hitler does not suggest the impeachment of the masses for apathy or the prosecution of the man in the street for defeatist remarks. He realises, better perhaps than our Ministry of Information, that it is the leaders and not the rank and file who must be punished if the men in the street is apathetic. . . ."

There is the answer to Recruiter Lloyd's bemoaning.

In other words, if he wants to sell something to his public he will have to do it just as any other advertiser—only on a bigger scale—just as Hitler and Mussolini sold their hordes, by high-pressure publicity, by meeting men, being held, posters, movies, lectures (delivered by men who can speak).

With that kind of stuff, this Australian continent must be packed.

Australians are just as patriotic as anyone else. But it is useless to expect them to respond to a rapid, half-cooked appeal that has most of the elements of outright bagging.

On tour, Gen. Lloyd's recruiting unit used Muscle-men Don Athaldis to drum up customers. A combination of Speed Gordon and Tarzan of the Apes herculean Don Athaldis twisted men into trac-

lovers' knots (mentioning "I wish this was Hitler's neck"), allowed others to crack rocks on his brawable chest as he lay on a bed of nails ("I want a recruit for every one of these punctures in my back!"), invited others to pull his fist-clenched arms apart, etc.

... OLD-FASHIONED

Old-fashioned, of the semi-nineteenth, 1914 stuff was most of the war's cajolery. It made the grade thirty years ago, but makes no allowance for the fact that enlightenment is thirty years older.

Australians do not respond easily, become more truculent, more hostile under this pricking, are apathetic only because no one has made an intelligent, worth-while effort to give them leadership and enthusiasm.

... "OVER-PRODUCTION"

From time-to-time—although it is universally recognised that Australia's production must be upped and upped to the limit—lucrurious men belonging to industrial associations wag their heads and warn against "Over-production in Australia," and "the danger of having tremendous industrial capacity and no markets for products after the war." Last month, we were warned again.

At May's beginning, in London, thick-as-prime Minister Robert Menzies of Australia skinned with the problem. Said he: "If Australia stuck to growing wool, wheat and bacon, England would not have food on its tables to-day, because steel is necessary to get it here. . . . The iron and steel indus-

trial of Australia are the basis of Australia's war production, which is the greater effort of our life-time. . . ."

Wryly, one or two of Prime Minister Menzies' audience (local and overseas, British and Australian), recalled an outburst which British manufacturers staged at this war's beginning.

Reported THE INSIDER at that time (November, 1939): "At last month's end, bigtime British manufacturers suddenly woke up to the fact that German manufacturers were going ahead like wildfire.

"Straightway, they mapped favored browns, threw caution to the winds, burst wildly and violently into the firelight. The reason: If this sort of thing was allowed to go unchecked, it would have the same effect on their traditional profits as an arse on a sham tournament.

"Accessed they, pointing a quavering, complaining finger: Australia now manufactures all manner of things made from iron and steel; but this is only because of her heaven-high tariff wall, by virtue of which the industry has been able to thrive.

"After that, they paused for a moment, gathered breath, went on to give fatherly advice that Dominion Governments should not be so ambitious in their industrialisation programmes.

"Suggested they in one breath: 'It would be a whole lot better if you people in Australia went into the possibilities of obtaining some manufactured products from the United States. Otherwise, when this war is over, you will find that

your products might replace ours—which are much worse—on the world's market.'

Suggested they, in a second breath, 'Under these circumstances would be doing us out of a job.'

"Not explained in the second breath was the manner in which an inferior product, 'unconsciously produced' could replace 'a superior British product' economically produced."

This, then, is the philosophy of the British Over-production Boys: "... partly from the point of view of postwar war production, it might be a good thing to quadruple the plants we have with our old private clients, X, Y, and Z, and to go all out on war production. But that will spell disaster for the firm when peace comes! We shall be saddled with a vastly larger plant than we require, and we shall have lost all those private clients whose orders we shall need to make any profit, when the swords—ordered by the Government for the duration—are beaten into ploughshares. . . . Furthermore, if the Dominions boxes too highly industrialised we shall have all that competition to contend with; for they, too, will have machines . . ."

Prime Minister Menzies' audience knew—or guessed—that, at this war's end some London effort will be made to hold or hamstring Australian industrialists; they wondered why Australia's Treasury could show a surplus of about 25,000,000 unspent pounds at this year's financial end (about 11 per cent. of the total annual budgeted) which could have been used for upping industrialisation.

History in the Making

(Continued from page 93)

Heinrich Rudolph Hess, second Deputy Führer of Germany, who had come to stay.

MAY 15: According to Hess's story, he had come to see General's Duke of Blomberg. Several German 'planes were using Syrian (French Mandate) airfields on their way to Iraq. Shot-down, British started to bomb Syria indiscriminately. On the Egyptian border British troops were taking the initiative.

MAY 15: In rebellious Iraq, Germany was pumping 'plastids' of bombs. They descended on Mosul airport, began organizing raiding parties over the British lines. Gloriously obvious was the fact that they were coming via Syria. Meantime, France's General Dentz, in Syria, began to give out fighting words: "My task is to defend the skies and soil of Syria. I will do this to fulfill my duty. We will meet force with force." In Abyssinia, at Amba Alagi, Italy's Duke of Aosta decided to throw in the sponge, accept surrender-terms from the British forces.

MAY 20: In the Mediterranean, German air-troops began to descend on Crete like snowflakes; Allied forces on that island were wiping them out almost as fast as they could land. They kept coming.

Indignation over France's collaboration with Germany was growing hourly. In Iraq, British forces captured Fallujah.

MAY 21: More-and-more Germans

air-troops floated down on Crete; more-and-more German troop-carrying 'planes landed, took off for Crete to pick up new loads.

MAY 22: The position in Crete had not crystallized. There was hard hand-to-hand fighting. A French regiment doggedly marched out of Syria, to join with Gen. de Gaulle. Over Heligoland Naval Base (Germany) seemed and blazed British 'planes. Tobruk still held valiantly.

MAY 25: In the Atlantic, somewhere off Greenland, a lucky, 20-mile shot from Germany's battleship *Bismarck* caught Britain's battleship *Hood* square in the magazine, blew it up with the 1,342 men aboard. Hornet-mad, other British ships set off after the *Bismarck*, which scuttled for home. Fighting was still as hard as ever on Crete. In Iraq and North Africa things seemed to be at something of a standstill.

MAY 26: Although Germany was still landing troops on Crete, the scale seemed to be decreasing slightly. R.A.F. fighters were now coming from Africa to join nose with the Luftwaffe. Greece's King George zipped across to Egypt. Germany's Grand-Admiral Raeder warned U.S. A. against convoying.

MAY 27: On Germany's Hood-sinking battleship *Bismarck* 14 British warships ganged up, sent her down shot-crack. Around Crete, Britain had lost two cruisers, four destroyers. In Crete, fighting was still hot and strong, with Germany quickly gaining the upper hand.



BRITAIN'S OFFENSIVE IN ACTION

From recent reports it is learned that the R.A.F. have inflicted considerable damage on the industrial areas of Crete, and the German submarine fleet has been shown the blinding anti-aircraft station just in the rear of the British Gothic Cathedral, and "almost flying over the city." Germany tried to hide from the public the amount of damage caused by these attacks.



SUGAR CARD BELONGING TO A JEW IN GERMANY.—This is the card used by a Jewish prisoner in the German Reich to receive his sugar ration. The card is stamped with the date on which the holder may draw sugar and the amount of sugar to be received. Apparently, the cardholder drew 300 grams on July 19, 1940, and another 300 grams on July 28, 1940. Preprinted Goebbel's sets the date for the issuance of sugar



DISNEY INFLUENCE ON AFRICAN FRONT, GAZALA, LIBYA.—The sandwich meat mounted on a German in the big bed will soon be the war front, he provides a lunch



NEW NIGHT FIGHTER DEVICE

Below is again being heavy toll of enemy planes, both by day and night. A recent German news bulletin said that Herr Goebbel's crews who raid Liverpool and British night fighters with powerful headlights. Artist Besser has illustrated the effect.

HAVOC IN NATURE'S WAR



THIS HOUSE was destroyed by flood waters in Tepicua, Coahuila, Mexico, caused by rains which reached nearly floodbank capacity.



PORTEUGAL.—A dredge shown as it was whirled into shore during the recent hurricane that spread destruction over the Dongo Peninsula. The dredge later went to sea and broke up. This photo, taken from a government aeroplane.



SABOTAGE.—One of the "double" passenger cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad car train sabotaged on the Ohio River. Thirty persons were injured and three died in the wreck, caused by the removal of a 10-foot section of rail.



LIFE STAGE (locked in a death struggle, two freight cars) are shown after they had exploded in head-on collision. Six bogies shot in the crash, which occurred last month on a single track "kill line," in Covington, U.S.A.



HUGE TENT TO COVER DAM SITE

Site of the Modoc Mountain Dam, White River Valley (Washington) faced several causal errors, which will be corrected with large expenses and in order to keep men and other resources from rendering a little service on the dam site, to consider of dried out soil on impervious soil, which is very in contrast with lots of rock. The key errors will be stretched down well to well of the dangers.

Cataldo, June, 1941 Page 35



YOUR INNER-SELF

While you are working your electric power over the Modoc crews of your village, you're a thought to this Photo. This is a new power plant that the 11th of the Army, of course, it is built on a 17,000,000 of a power in the ultra-high-speed X-ray in the Washington laboratory of Menlo Park, Calif. Take the ray on the finger, the watch, the glasses and the sharply defined mechanism of the electric power.

Cataldo, June, 1941 Page 35



"It emboldens us well aware and never quits the bolder of dreading about the place."

THE LAW ABOUT REPRISALS

PROF. A. L. GOODHART

The so-called international rules of warfare are well established with exceptions

The essence of reprisals is that if one belligerent deliberately violates the accepted rules of warfare, then the other belligerent, for the sake of protecting himself, may resort by way of retaliation to measures which, in ordinary circumstances, would be illegal. Thus a soldier who shoots at the enemy who is attacking him is not committing an act of reprisal, because it is always lawful to shoot the enemy; on the other hand, the destruction of a village because a soldier has been killed in it by a civilian is an act of reprisal, as such destruction would not otherwise be justifiable.

It has occasionally been said that no acts of reprisal are ever justifiable because two wrongs cannot make a right. The answer is that one wrongful act can make the other act rightful. International Law is therefore correct when it speaks of the right of reprisal. This right has been exercised by nearly all belligerents in nearly all wars, so that, whether we like it or not, we cannot close our eyes to its existence.

In the last war the British Government exercised the right of reprisal on three major occasions. In 1915 it enacted that it would use gas as the Germans had adopted that type of warfare. The Arch-

bishop of Canterbury wrote to the Prime Minister urging him not to use "this same infamous weapon." Mr. Asquith wrote—

"The new developments on the part of our enemy, to which you refer, in the scientific organisation of barbarism . . . have aroused in our people a temper of righteous and incisive indignation, for which—I believe—there is no precedent or parallel in our national history.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" is a precept which rebukes the petty, personal unmeaning quarrels of social and material life. But it has no application when the issue is such that freedom, honor, humanity itself is at stake."

The next day Earl Kitchener announced in the House of Lords that "our troops must be adequately protected by the employment of similar methods so as to remove the enormous and unassimilable disadvantage" under which they now suffered. No further protests were made against this reprisal, except by the Germans.

The second British reprisal concerned the German submarine campaign. On February 2, 1915, Germany declared her intention to destroy without warning all enemy merchant vessels which might be found in the waters around the

United Kingdom. The British Government thereupon issued the famous Repulse Order in Council of March 11, 1915, which announced that all goods of enemy domination, anger, or aversion would be detained. This involved a far-reaching extension of the right to seize contraband, but was justified as a reprisal.

The third British reprisal was the so-called opus Fosbury 1. R. on April 14, 1917, in which a number of civilians were killed. This was announced to be a reprisal for the torpedoing of the hospital ships Gloucester, Cardiff and Armenta. "It was intended," Lord Curzon explained in the House of Lords on May 2, 1917, "as a deterrent to prevent the enemy from repeating his crime against humanity."

Of these three reprisals it may be said that the two first were essential steps in winning the war. If Germany had been allowed to carry on her poison-gas and submarine warfare without retaliation by Great Britain, she would thereby have obtained an advantage which would have made the difference between defeat and victory. Whether or not the third reprisal proved of any practical value is doubtful.

The threat of reprisals was also exercised by the British Government on a number of other occasions. Thus when the Germans executed Captain Fryatt in 1915, the Prime Minister's statement that retaliatory steps would be taken in the future if the Germans continued such acts was sufficient to stop further judicial murders. Similarly, when in 1917 the Germans threatened that British

sailors, who were captured while dropping propaganda leaflets over the enemy lines, would be sentenced to death, the threat of reprisal caused a change in the German attitude.

These various instances illustrate the grounds on which retaliation may be justified. The first is that, as a deterrent, it may induce the enemy to give up his illegal conduct. The second is that it will prevent him from obtaining an undue advantage in the prosecution of the war. The third is that it is an expression in terms of the righteous indignation of the people; in times of war this sentiment can only find expression in the form of reprisals.

This does not mean that all reprisals are justified. There are two conditions which must be fulfilled. The first is that the illegal conduct of the enemy must be clearly proved, and the second is that the action which the retaliating State takes is proper as a measure of reprisals. The violation of both these conditions is illustrated in the infamous destruction of Louvain by the Germans in the last war. Although they claimed that this was a justified reprisal for the shooting of German soldiers by Belgian civilians, their action evoked protests throughout the civilized world. This was due to the realization that in the first place it was more than doubtful whether any Belgian civilians had fired on the Germans, and that in the second the reprisal was out of all proportion to the injury suffered. It was therefore accepted by the world as an example of German Schrecklichkeit which was intended to over-

awe the inhabitants by its severity.

In view of these various considerations the determination whether or not retaliation is justifiable under particular circumstances is frequently a matter of difficulty.

And, even when it has been decided that retaliation is justified, a Government may hesitate to engage in a course which is likely to lead to a competition of brutalities.

—Charles F. Frost, England.

"Pump Deck"

There were three men in a boat. A heavy storm came up and the boat began to leak. "Now the pumps," they cried, all three men fell overboard and the other pumped. The third man stayed in the background and watched. His wasn't in the same boat, or was he?

No. 2 pumped hard and he doubted not that their ship would ride the storm. Nevertheless, the water kept pouring in and it was only incessant and exhausting work on the part of No. 3 that kept it under some kind of control. Said No. 3: "I'm just a bystander, but I'd be glad to help if I could be sure you would not stop pumping." Also, before I take a turn at that pump I'd like to know how you propose to round our boat when we get to port so that this will not happen again."

No. 2 stopped to have his breath for pumping. He was down in the hold and the water was up to his knees, but No. 3 could not see this, for he was standing on the pump deck and he had left his spectacles in his other suit.

"After all," suggested No. 3, "I have to look out for myself," and as started nailing corporalities down on the pump to keep his feet dry it came water-filled the hold and leaked sprawling through the cracks in the top deck. At last reports No. 3 was still busy on the pump deck making it nice and tidy "in case anyone comes."

"That other fellow's pumping keeps it dry up here," he told himself. "Heads," he said, glancing toward the hold, "I'd get pneumonia if I went down there without rubber boots on and I haven't got any."

"Dad," said the Very Young American after this bedtime story, "what's a pump deck?"

"My son, we're standing on it now."

—*Notes From the Outpost*, London.



What Language is this, Huh?

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by our expeditory forces in the World War of 1917 was in sending messages through the air that could not be deciphered by the Germans. The latter were well versed in all modern and classical languages and could not be fooled, but it took two Choctaw Indians to outwit them.

These two Indians, one the sender of the messages and the other the receiver, sent message after message in plain everyday Choctaw, and the Germans were frazzled.

—Northern Commissarator, U.S.A.

GOERING'S "STEEL TRUST"

KURT LACHMANN

*Noels have a new and unique system
of eliminating business competition*

The history of the Hermann Goering works is one of the epics of industrial empire building. But it offers a new variation on the old theme.

The segment not started by Hitler in 1934 led to a full use of German steel-producing capacity by 1936. After the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France the Germans and industry explored the available low-grade ore deposits within Germany but it did not see fit to exploit them on a large scale. Under the powers of the Nazi Government and its war economy, however, the steel industry began to invest more capital in the development of the low-grade mines in southern Germany, especially in Baden, where twelve mines were opened. The deposits in the Salzgitter district in Brunswick had been discarded because of the poor quality of the minerals.

So far the steel industry had profited appreciably from the Nazis—they had been allowed to re-purchase at a low price the shares of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, the greatest German steel trust, which the Reich had taken over in adjustment of credits during the crisis, and from 1933 to 1937 the large combines had been able to acquire half a billion marks of investments

with funds taken from undistributed profits.

But a new situation arose. Nazi re-occupation had stimulated international armament. This, together with the general upswing of the business cycle, had increased world competition and brought about a rise in the price of scrap iron and strong competition in the purchase of iron ore. The planners of the German war economy, with relative autonomy as their goal, began to fear a coming squeeze.

According to an inside story Marshal Goering felt a "squeze" of a different nature. He had run into huge debts and the amount was too large to be settled by his friends. Hence the creditor banks proposed that he give his name to a new corporation which was to engage in the mining of iron ore, while they would write off his debts in return for his "good will."

All arrangements had been made among Schacht, the banks and the steel industrialists when suddenly, to the complete surprise of all concerned, Goering, as the leader of the Four Year Plan, announced the compulsory amalgamation of the Salzgitter mining rights and the formation of a corporation which was not only to mine ore but also to build coke ovens and complete steel works. It was named the

"Rheinwerke A.G. für Eisenbergbau und Eisenhütten Hermann Goering," and the initial capital paid in by the Government amounted to five million marks.

This action of Goering's seriously undermined the position of Reichsbank President Schacht, for it overruled his authority and weakened his prestige, and at the same time it challenged the steel men in their own field. Backed by the legislative and financial power of the totalitarian state, Goering had settled his own problem as well as that of war economy in contradiction to the advice and the interests of the leading bankers and industrialists. One year later Goering was to declare triumphantly that he would make his works "the greatest industrial enterprise in the world."

Whereas the Goering enterprise had originally been described as intended to become an addition to the German iron ore economy, it soon spread out into many different fields with all the characteristics of a vertical trust. It not only reached out for coal but invaded the manufacturing field, the sphere of oil production, the transportation and commercial business.

The dynamics of its leaders, Goering and his directors, drove it into ever stronger competition with big steel. With the help of assessments on private industry and public resources its capital was raised from five million marks to 400 million marks in 1938. Thus it came to rank third among the German stock companies, following the E. G. Farbenindustrie (720 million marks) and the Vereinigte Stahlwerke (460 million). Only one of

the nine members of its board of directors belonged to private industry.

Its great opportunity came with the division of the spoils after the conquest of Austria. The Goering trust knew how to protect itself against any undesirable competition from compatriots. While German private capitalists were excluded from any raiding expedition by the imposition of licences for all property deals, the Goering trust established a branch at Linz, a month after the entry of the German troops. The expropriation of Jews and of Austrian state properties made the way easy. In Austria and later in Czechoslovakia, the Goering works became heir to the Rothschilds and many others as well. Viaq, the holding company of the Reich, acquired the majority of the shares of the leading private bank, the Österreichische Creditanstalt-Wiener Bankverein, which owned considerable blocks of shares in most of the Austrian industries, and from there a collection of the best industrial assets was shifted to the Goering trust.

In this way the Goering trust acquired shares in one of the largest European magnetite mining companies, the Ventsch Manganerz A.G., and 14 per cent. of the capital of the largest Austrian iron ore company, the Alpine Montangesellschaft A.G., which was the owner of the famous Eisberg iron mountain.

For decades 56 per cent. of the Alpine shares had belonged to the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, which for reasons of prestige and of international policies had maintained

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and suggested that marginal holding through years of stagnation and depression. Now, with an armament boom in full swing, the Goering enterprise, after forcing the hands of the steel trust at home, exacted the financial effects of the Alpine with an 18 per cent. In March, 1939, after a long and obstinate struggle, the steel trust had to give in and sell its Alpine shares to the Goering works; it was even forced to invest the money received in a new synthetic oil plant in Westphalia. From that moment the Goering trust and the Nazi Government lost all interest in the low-grade ores of Baden which the steel corporations had developed at the instigation of the Government.

This was the second victory of the Goering combine over the big steel men of the Ruhr. Its aim had become apparently not so much to make Germany self-sufficient in iron as to defeat big steel.

The subsidiary branch of the Goering works was soon amalgamated with the Alpine under the name Alpine Montan A.G. "Hermann Goering," Linz. It planned to build new steel plants and an industrial harbor in Linz, for the production of the normal steels, while the Alpine plants at Drosendorf were to produce special steels. Guido Schmidt, the former Austrian Foreign Minister, was appointed manager of the Goering works in Linz, in compensation for his betrayal of Chancellor Schuschnigg.

Czechoslovakia fell and new trophus went to the Goering trust. Half of the ligate minus of north-eastern Czechoslovakia were either con-

fiscated or bought under pressure. The Goering trust also acquired a leading position in the Slovka-Dunash shipping company.

One of the richest prizes in Czechoslovakia was the Vítkovice works, owned partly by the Garmans of Vienna and the Rothschilds of Vienna and London. These seem to have been acquired in true gangster fashion. When the Nazis occupied Vienna they impounded Baron Louis Rothschild and held him for more than a year until he signed away his rights to Vítkovice, the Goering trust subsequently took control in June, 1939.

Also the two leading armament factories of Czechoslovakia and of central Europe, the Škoda and the Brno armament factory, fell into the hands of the Nazi Government. Since the majorities of Škoda and Brno were in the hands of the Czech state, the Nazis had no difficulty in taking them over at once after the occupation of Prague. Yet even in the middle of 1939 their boards of directors still showed a majority of Czech names and no direct representation of the Goering works.

For a clearer picture of the real leadership of Škoda it is necessary to turn to neighboring Riga. In May, 1940, a metallurgical firm was established in Bucharest, bearing the name of Hermann Goering and representing the great Škoda works. At the head of the Bucharest firm is Albert Goering, a nephew of Hermann. If the Goering combine has not absorbed the whole of the Škoda works, at least it seems to control the well-paying commercial representation of Škoda.

with one of its best customers, the Romanian army.

By midsummer of 1940 the same Albert Goering and Guido Schmidt, manager of the Austrian Goering works, are found on the board of the largest iron and steel works of Romania, the Radebeul iron works. They are there as representatives of the shares formerly owned by the Brno arm factory, a circumstance which suggests that the Goering trust may have won control over Brno too.

There were certain legal obstacles to overcome before these two could enter the directorate of Radebeul, because the Czech shares had been nationalised and deposited with the Westminster Bank in London; but, after some diplomatic pressure on the retrogressed Romanian Government, the Nazis received diplomatic shares.

The Radebeul works account for 80 per cent. of Romania's steel production and for 50 per cent. of her locomotive manufacture; they own a number of coal, iron and manganese mines, armament works and agricultural machinery and bridge building shops. Through the Brno arm works the Goering trust has also seized the majority interest in another Romanian armament factory, the Copco Macs metallurgical works. Here too Albert Goering was appointed to the board.

Information about the Goering combine's possible successes in Poland is not available, but we know that the Scandinavian campaign of May, 1940, added another trophy to its iron gleams. The Goering works have taken over the Dunderland iron ore mines, owned

by a company of the same name registered in London with a capital of £700,000. Property changes in France and Luxembourg have not been published but there has been one indication from Germany that German pre-1914 owners of industries in Alsace-Lorraine will not be reinstated in their lost rights.

Such has been the progress of the Hermann Goering trust through foreign lands towards the goal of becoming "the greatest industrial enterprise in the world." Part of the expansion at home was achieved by a redistribution of existing state participation in various industries, all of which were concentrated in the Vier Provinzen-Viag the Goering trust acquired, for example, the iron fields of the Emscher-Hettner, and also, in the middle of 1938, 53 per cent. of the shares of Rhenish-Bohemia; then it ousted the armament business proper and became a competitor of Krupp. The many participants were concentrated in a 180-million mark holding company, the A. G. Reichswerke "Hermann Goering," Berlin.

But the combine still lacked coal. It therefore took over from the state of Prussia the Preussengruben A.G. (capital 12,000,000 marks) with coal mines in Upper Silesia. Then it approached the Flick combine, which produced more coal than it used in its own steel plants, and compelled it to trade part of the mines of the Harzgerode-Bergbau A.G., including the Victoria and Herne group and the Priess-Schönau, Maximilian and Bavarian companies, in exchange for lignite mines east of the Elbe.

A new vista opened up with the



What makes life brighter?

**TOOHEY'S
OATMEAL
STOUT**

flight of Fritz Thyssen, president of the board of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, because of his general opposition to the Nazi war policies which, he believed, would lead Germany to disaster. When he refused to return, his properties were confiscated on the basis of the decree allowing the confiscation of Communist property. This holding company was then transferred to the Goering trust. What the Nazi party-state had given to the big steel men for their support in destroying the democratic republic, it took away again under the decree against Communism.

It can thus be assumed that the independence which the leading steel trust had attained and which was operative in its administration and, to some extent, in its general policies, has now vanished. With this development the Goering trust

has taken first place among the heavy industries of Germany without having added much of its own.

The Goering trust, started as a contribution to the iron heart of German war economy, has become, under the impetus of its ambitious leaders, an instrument for absorbing the spoils of territorial conquest and a weapon against the most powerful group of private industry in Germany proper. Its function to-day is not so much to create new production capacity or to integrate disparate enterprises as to wrist the direction and ownership of well-integrated properties from the hands of whatever opposition there may be. There may well come eventually that "great corporate at the world" of which the Marshal has spoken.

—Social Research, U.S.A.

Mustard—

Mustard has an almost endless number of strange uses. Did you know that mustard keeps moles away, strengthens the one production of pottery keeps pests off the garden, clears sick drains? That two ounces of mustard in your car radiator help to stop a leak?

Then mustard removes ink stains, is good for dogs with distemper, and that a stiff paste will clean your silver, or keep knots in place?

—The Ritz, London



Taking His Wit

A man who had had a slight nosebleed, which necessitated the application of sticking-plaster to his nose, was called upon to interview the local inspector of taxes.

"Had an accident to your nose?" the taxman asked sympathetically.

"No," said the taxpayer shortly. "I've been paying through it the as long as it has given way under the strain."

—Terrier, London.

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THE NEW MOTIVE FORCE

At last has arrived a power and fuel that may run between automobile, airplane and air transport

H. DYSSEN CARTER, M.Sc., A.C.I.C.

Deep inside a mountain cave near the city of Neuchatel in Switzerland there is running today a machine that promises to turn the oil and coal industries topsy-turvy. It is the world's first practical gas turbine. If the foreign correspondents hadn't been glued to their phones in Basle, the press might have had a few cables from Neuchatel. But the bomb-proof cave was unoccupied. Anyway, what is a gas turbine? It is so different to anything we have today that the soldiers and Junior League who are finding out what makes mechanized units run will soon have to learn all over again.

The Swiss have given the world a new Prime Mover. Any machine that converts energy into motion is a prime mover: steam engines, petrol engines, diesel oil engines, electric motors and so on. There are very few all told, because prime movers are distinguished not by depth of design but by fundamental operating principles.

A flush outline of modern prime movers employing heat energy would start with the simple steam engine. Here fuel is burned to produce steam under pressure. The steam pushes the moving piston of a cylinder one full stroke, after which the piston comes back for

the next push. A variety of mechanical devices transforms the push-pull into useful motion. When we come to steam turbines we find the steam forcing continuously from jets against the blades of a wheel spinning at high speed. In both cases, however, the steam and the fuel used to produce it are entirely separate inside the engines. The natural combustion engine changed this picture. In a petro motor the fuel is burned explosively right inside the cylinder, and pushes directly on the piston. The same applies to diesel, except that here the spark plugs are eliminated by compressing air so hot that it explodes the injected fuel at contact.

The logical step from here is our gas turbine. This machine has really been a hundred years on the way from idea to working model. In theory it would consist of an explosion chamber burning fuel and air, and blasting the hot gases against the vanes of a turbine. The Patent Offices of every country have thick files on such engines, most of them "patented" for the main reason that prejudice turned them down. Now the Swiss engine not only works but drives a 4,000-kilowatt electric generator. And the news is that Alpine locomotives will soon be coming 'round these

Save Petrol

change now to

Mobil oil

Arctic

The World's Quality Winter Oil



high mountains, powered with nuclear gas turbines.

We must go back of the engineering stage to understand why the gas turbine is important mechanical news. This engine is far simpler than any steam, petrol or diesel motor. It consists of a single combustion chamber, cylindrical in shape. Beneath this is mounted an air compressor, an electric generator and the turbine, all in line on one rotating shaft. At one end there is a small electric starting motor. Operation is beautifully simplified. The water which the rotating air compressor (really a blower fan), the hot compressed air enters the combustion chamber where it steadily ignites the oil, and the burned gases pass down to spin the turbine. Once started the engine rapidly reaches top speed. The generator is simply one means of making use of the turbine; if desired it can be eliminated.

The simplification of this design must be clear to anyone who had seen the works of a big diesel or steam plant. With the gas turbine there is only one revolving shaft. No moving parts come into contact with the combustion chamber. There is absolutely no reciprocating motion, and no valves, cams, pumps, plates, crank-shafts, connecting rods, oil reservoir or cooling system. No cooling system!

Here, indeed, we have the remarkable feature of the new prime mover. Not only is there no waste used for propellant (steam) but not even any water to prevent overheating. The gas turbine is completely enclosed. Apart from its exhaust, it gives out no heat. This is the secret of its mechanical ap-

peal. The new engine at last brings our machine age close to the thermodynamic ideal of perfect efficiency.

Thermodynamics is a private preserve of mechanical wizards. However, the basic law relating to engines is simple enough. This tells us that the maximum amount of work which can be done by a heat engine for a given amount of fuel burned, depends upon two things, the highest and the lowest temperatures at which the engine operates. In other words the hotter the steam going into a steam engine, and the cooler the steam passing out its exhaust, the more work that engine will do per ton of fuel burned. Similarly with an automobile motor, the hotter we can run it without raising valves and piston, and the cooler the wasted exhaust gases, the more miles per gallon for the family bus.

In the last quarter century engineers have steadily tried to reach the ideal. To-day steam turbines are run as hot as dull red heat, compared to old locomotives whose boilers would hardly fry an egg. Airplane motors are veritable infernos. But neither these nor the best diesel even approach perfection. Why? Simply because the perfect engine must operate at a temperature no less than the heat of the flame supplying its energy.

Obviously, steam is not nearly so hot as the searing temperature of the boiler. And no petrol engine could endure the searing heat of its fuel explosions, if the cylinder walls were not rapidly cooled by water or air streams. But the new gas turbine is different. In it the exploding gases pass directly to the

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working turbine and so are almost at flame temperature. The gases are cooled only in the process of doing work by pushing the turbine around. Hence the device scores the highest efficiency figure yet recorded.

In actual practice the steam turbine has by no means reached its limit. The difficulty lies in the fact that above three thousand degrees (Fahrenheit) the greatest working temperature, turbine blades tend to expand and clip the axial shell. As soon as alloys are developed for the new engine its temperature can be raised towards eight thousand degrees. This is the theoretical limit for most fuels. It is unlikely for many years that turbines will be built to stand even five thousand, which is better than bright white heat.

A more interesting feature of the gas turbine is that it depends upon explosion volume rather than pressure. In 90-day's petrol motors the great pressure developed by the explosion forces the piston down. But in the gas turbine the "explosion" is continuous. The pressure never rises. When the hot compressed air comes with the fuel oil there is an increase in volume of gas. The escape of this bulky mixture whisks the turbine.

Checking back over the Swiss invention, we see that the new engine is very compact. Its construction is simple and foolproof, with few parts. Its motion is completely rotary. It needs no water for steam

or cooling. It delivers more power for fuel consumed than any heat engine yet devised. And it is operating a full-sized commercial electric plant.

But this is not all the story. The Nechelstad turbine burns the cheapest fuel oil. It can easily be adapted to burn powdered coal, the most economic fuel known. For years designers have been trying for a diesel motor that could burn coal dust. Coal dust is explosive. It will even drive a petrol motor, with proper attachment. But the finely residue from the burning coal soon ruins the cylinder and gets into the lube oil. No such difficulty exists with the gas turbine. Low grade coal dust can be burned in its combustion chamber. Thus the world's cheapest fuel is made available for operating the most efficient engine—a remarkable combination.

This may spell sudden death for the diesel engine. If the planned gas turbine locomotives are a success on Switzerland's terrible Alpine grades, then crack railway surroundings will soon change over from oil to powdered coal, from diesel to turbine. A prolonged air war, with its drain on oil reserves, may mean swift extinction of the turbine for machine use. It is clear, too, that an area gas turbine is on the way.

The possible efficiency of the new engine, its simplicity, low cost, and the cheap fuels used, promises a power revolution.

—Saturday Night, Toronto.

A questionnaire sent out to members of the Wellesley College class of 1938 to gather information for the forthcoming twenty-fifth anniversary album has blanks for the names of two husbands and six children—"Miss Yorkie," U.S.A.

IPANA IS THE DENTISTS' PERSONAL CHOICE 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE!



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Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your chemist's today! And start now to let the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth — a more efficient smile!

THE YORK DENTISTS' OF NEW YORK A group of notable men, to discover and check any uncorrected dental defects.

CHANGE TO **Ipana** TOOTH PASTE AND GUM MASSAGE

Choice of a dust-free soft or pastelike consistency. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS AND DRUGSTORES. See page 22.



HISTORY IN THE MAKING

APRIL 23: From Greece came news that the Allied Defence was cracking; on the Albanian front, and Greece's King George, his forces had retreated. Meantime, Greece's Government moved itself shot-quick to Crete. In North Africa, German troops which had swept along the northern coast were halted at the Egyptian frontier. Meantime, British troops were passing into Iraq.

APRIL 24: Already, according to German reports, British troops were beginning to evacuate Greece. There was little news of the campaign, except from German sources. Germany was bringing diplomatic pressure on Turkey. In North Africa, according to British sources, the Indo-German troops had been driven back to Bardia. At Basra, R.A.F. planes were still trying to hit Germany's two battleships.

APRIL 25: British were withdrawing from Greece, occupying oil centres in Iraq, air-raidings German naval bases, holding Tobruk, cleaning up Abyssinia.

APRIL 26: Although Germany was making evacuation of Greece a hot button, it was on methodically with surprisingly few losses. Attention was turning to Spain; U.S.A.'s President Roosevelt gave orders for his ships to patrol far into the Atlantic.

APRIL 27: Athens was occupied by German troops; most Allied forces were well away from Greek soil, public opinion in Britain was pakenhet. Tobruk still held; R.A.F. machines raided Berlin.

APRIL 28: In Greece, the evacuation's last stages were being fought. Over to Britain had come all Greece's shipping. In his House of Commons, Prime Minister Churchill gave out reassuring words, promised more news in future campaigns.

APRIL 29: In Greece, German aircraft were doing their level best to bomb evacuating British troops just over Egypt's frontier; Indo-German troops occupied Sollum in Abyssinia, mopping-up was still going forward. Across the English Channel, British and German long-range guns blazed at each other for 5½ hours.

APRIL 30: In London's House of Commons, Prime Minister Churchill announced that at least 45,000 troops (out of about 60,000) had been successfully brought away from Greece. To Libya, Germany was sending jumpeted troops planes. For the fifth time in one night, Plymouth was heavily raided.

MAY 1: Said British G.H.Q., at Crete, at least 80 per cent of Britain's forces had been withdrawn successfully from Greece. Meantime, more and more German reinforcements were being pumped into North Africa. Tobruk still held, despite assaults. The R.A.F. was over Berlin.

MAY 2: Out of Greece, as the dust cleared, more troops had apparently

come, but little mechanised equipment. In Iraq, Iraqi troops began firing on British, British troops retaliated. In U.S.A., the currency question was being widely discussed.

MAY 3: In Iraq things were warming up considerably; British planes were bombing Iraqi troops; Iraqi troops were shelling British airbases. Hamburg was blasted by R.A.F. machines. U.S.A. was getting perilously close to war with Germany.

MAY 4: At Basra (Iraq) rebel troops opposed disembarkation of British reinforcements; British grabbed the airport, docks, power-station, drove out the rebels. Further Hitler said he had taken more than 9,000 British and Antioch troops in the Balkans.

MAY 5: There was little news tickling out of Iraq; only thing definite was that fighting was still in progress. Squashed was another enemy attack on Tobruk; Axis troops lost 16 tanks. German bombers attacked North Ireland and Merseyside, doing great damage. R.A.F. bombers stopped at Brest again.

MAY 6: In Iraq, the R.A.F. had downed most of rebel-leader Rashid Ali's air-force, wrecked most of his airfields.

MAY 7: After a two-day war-cabinet debate, including clashes over the conduct of the Balkan campaign, London's House of Commons passed a confidence vote (447 to 3). In U.S.A., question of convoying was getting more and more publicity.

MAY 8: At Lake Habbaniyah, R.A.F. machines landed British gunners and guns. In North Africa, things had quietened off somewhat. In Britain, there was still confusion over the downing of 23 German night-bombers, bringing the week's total to 73—an all time high.

MAY 9: In the Indian Ocean cruiser H.M.S. Cornwall, based on the tail of a German cruiser, sank it. According to sketchy reports, British troops were pushing Iraqi troops back. Germany was pressing France into closer collaboration.

MAY 10: In North Africa, German troops made another assault on Tobruk, were thrown back again. Air-rolling over both Germany and Britain were becoming heavier, heavier.

MAY 11: In a London raid, previous night, casualties were heavy, rain widespread when 10,000 incendiary bombs were dropped. R.A.F. and R.N. units plastered Bengal.

MAY 12: Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace, the British Museum suffered in London's worst 1940 raid (10 May). On same night, British planes gave Hamburg, Bremen, London, Rotterdam Docks a good shellacking. In the Far East, there was some Japanese demand for an end to the Sino-Japanese conflict.

MAY 13: In Britain, the Government announced that, three days previously, a German plane had crashed in Scotland. It contained (Confidential back to anti-aircraft forces—Page 72)

BOOKS

A mixture was last month's book. It included *But It's a Boy* (five dozen 7in. x 5in. pages of sketches, without commentary, purveying the comedy of childbirth), *It's "Ard to Keep Straight in the City* (four dozen pages of comic verse dedicated to "The Toxop"), *Mister Cuthbert-Mister Calliglow* (310 pages of mystery and crime in short-stories), 200,000,000 *After—if we Please* (one of Publisher Gollancz's victory-book bombshells with which he is plugging Britain and Britain's sub-lazy, half-heeled warbirds).

But It's a Boy (4/6) was sketched by an American woman named Betty Bacon Blunt. It traces pregnancy from the gleam in the father's eye to the birth of two girls.

But It's a Boy is mildly humorous, could have done with a great deal of sub-editing, would have wasted a lot less paper had it been printed on about twelve pages.

It's "Ard to Keep Straight in the City. Already, pseudonymous poetess Kay Grant has carved a niche for herself with her family memoir *It's "Ard to Go Wrong in the Suburbs* (3 editions).

To Keep Straight is good jingle, easily readable, often jocund verse of the kind you like to sing over. One of the best.

"Rock-a-bye baby in cradle old patois,
Father's a drunkard and Mother's a slattern,

Brother's a gangster and Son has a man.
You're booked for Sing Sing so rock while you can!"

"Rock-a-bye baby, take him out to draw,
Of pineapples, time-bombs and even's shill scurvy.
Daddy will fit you a nice Tommy-gun,
So rock-a-bye baby, you'll have lots of fun!"

Australian poetess Grant's second effort should sell as well, if not better, than her first.

Mister Cuthbert-Mister Calliglow (8/6). One of the first-wave of crime-fictionists Peter Cheyney. He (according to his publisher) knows most of the world's big-shot crooks personally, maintains his own crime-detection laboratory, pays many stooges to keep him informed on criminal matters.

In his latest book he has crammed many short stories with Lemmy Caution, undefeatable, man-getting detective who a never at a loss with the ladies, never hoodwinked for long by the crooks—no matter how crook they be.

Mister Caution, etc., lives up to the pace Cheyney has set himself.

100,000,000 *After—if we Please* (4/1), by "Scipio," is one of the most important books of the last war-ent twelve months. It makes many flat statements, picks many holes at the present British conduct of the war, gives a constructive suggestion for every accusation or criticism it brings down on leading British heads.

Sad the liberal, commonsense New Statesman of "Scipio's" sim-

a Scotch Regiment



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bold, high-pressure book: (It outlines) . . . a tremendous programme. The only thing a sane man can work for . . ."

Most critics when they start about their job of criticising are impotent, hot-headed, vindictive critics should be. "Siegio," however, will have none of this. He takes each point carefully, cuts it open at disinterestedly as a surgeon wielding his knife, holds it up for inspection.

After his lecture, at the book's end, he draws his conclusions, makes his points crystal-clear. His main theme: The crying need for British revolutionary Pitch Column activity in Europe, to pave the way for a British invasion of that continent.

Says he: "Today, we in Britain still have on our side the vast power of the British Commonwealth, and we have within this island the nucleus of Europeans that we need for our task of organising a new social order. If we do not keep them in internment camps, we have here men and women who understand the weaknesses, as well as the strength, of Fascist Italy, and who have struggled to organise revolution in Italy ever since the march on Rome; we have scores of workers who have risked torture and death through years of underground struggle in Nazi Germany; we have Spaniards who fought for liberty throughout Franco's civil war; we have Scandinavians, Danes, Czechs, Poles and Frenchmen . . .

"We shall not get through, unless every private interest and privilege is subordinated to the common good. And yet, where all are

agreed, the Government has to find its way with the utmost caution towards those drastic changes in our economic and social system which alone can give us victory. And when impudent critics urge that the pace should be quickened, they always meet the same reply: 'This is not a Labor Government, relying on a Labor majority; it is a Coalition Government in a House of Commons predominantly Tory. We cannot go as fast as we should like, or we might lose the confidence of the House.'

" . . . our message to Europe should be this. Hitler has been destined by history to be the whirlwind which has swept away an old and corrupt order. . . . To fight him we have had to pull ourselves together. . . . We do not ask you to accept our leadership because we are a gifted, imperial people. On the contrary, we invite you to join in our war against tyranny because we are now going to sacrifice those riches in that cause of freedom which we all have in common.

"You ask us what we have to offer you when the battle is done? We reply, 'Freedom and work—on equal terms for all. Freedom to think, to practise our own religion—or no religion, to study, to form Trade Unions in defence of our working rights, but not freedom to exploit others, to bully them or to obtain privileges which injure our neighbors.'

The book is tremendous. Many of its suggestions have long already adopted in Britain. Perhaps, soon, the rest will follow. (Our copies Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney.)

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is very good
indeed!*

The complete Grenadier range of men's wear, comprising suits, jackets and underwear, is manufactured in Australia by the famous Leslie Mills.

SHOWS

... NEW SHADOWS

Great is the marvel that Britain can continue to turn out films, books, etc., as though nothing was happening. Greater still, however, is the fact that they find time and courage to turn out comedy-films.

Latest is home-made George Formby's *Call A Cop*. George Formby, as a War Reserve Policeman with ambitions to get into the Flying Squad, has to undergo more trials before promotion.

High-ginned are the action sequences, churlish as they are funny. Includes: Bocking motor-bikes, Transpolos set on a music-hall stage, miniature car which zips under horses and lorries.

Rating: Good

To the cause of aviation, Paramount is contributing a first-told story of training and tactics in the U.S. Army Air Corps, *I Wanted Wings*. The picture was filmed at Randolph and Kelley and Mitch Fields under supervision of the U.S. War Department.

It's fine-up. Four flying aces, two girls, manoeuvres, 1,000 "plants" taking the air. Adapted by Luret, Comrade, Frank Wood, *I Wanted Wings* (from the book of same name) co-stars Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris, Brian Donlevy, honey-harried, shapely newcomer Veronika Lake (sultry, siren night-club singer), Constance Moore.

Jam-packed with all the emotional elements which made the

original novel so popular, Universal's picturisation of Fanny Hurst's *Back Street*, starring Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan, is one of the most outstanding pictures of the season.

The story: A foreway, groove-worn Hurst pic that tells of a girl who is content to live in the shadowy back streets of a great man's life, sacrificing all to help him in his career, suffering from loneliness which is her lot, while he is busy with family and business affairs.

Only superb acting, incredibly careful directing could lift such a story into the realms of good film-making. Universal has done this, and more.

Powerful in the heavy scenes, Boyer and Sullavan give out performances which rank well up among the best yet presented on the screen.

... PLAY

Last month, after Manager David Martin had built his Minerva theatre up to something good, educated parents flock in hysterically to see his shows, put things on a profitable basis, a new company moved in.

Headed by Australian-born playwright Alan Coppel aimed to produce: "... every new play in England and America," hoped to: "... present world premieres of plays which deserve at the moment to be presented in London."

The company's first contribution: Slick, well-produced comic-comedy *Mr. Smart Guy*, by author-producer Coppel himself. Its second: Possibly *Rebecca*.

Look on the Bright Side!



A dull, dimly-lit room has a depressing effect even as the most gay spirits. Optimism "wicks the day" in bright, cheerful surroundings—where an Osram lamp is "as day"—"Osram" Colored-Cat Lamps give up to 20% more light without using extra electricity.



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POTPOURRI



* * * IT'S A BOG BOG

A stranger was standing on the platform of a small railway station when the Northern express flashed past. Into the whirl of dust raised by the train leaped the station-master's dog, and tore madly up the track in pursuit.

"Does your dog often do that?" asked the stranger of the station-master.

"Yes, sir. Every time the express passes, the dog is after it like a hare."

"That's queer," commented the stranger. "Why does he do it?"

"I don't know," replied the dog's owner, scratching his head thoughtfully. "What worries me is what he's going to do with it when he gets it!"

—TW-Bob, London, England.

* * * CHANGE PLACES

Two Saint Bernard dogs got lost at a blizzard near Buffalo, U.S.A. Many citizens offered to crawl out into the storm with bottles of Benadine tied around their necks.—Punch, London.

* * * BUSINESS AS USUAL

"Put up your hands!" commanded the leader of two bandits who had stopped the motor-coach. "We're going to rob the gents and kill all the ladies."

"No," remonstrated the small one gallantly. "We'll rob the men all right, but we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Young man," snapped a woman passenger of uncertain age, "mind your own business! Your friend's managing this hold-up!"—Tatler, London.

* * * SOON OLD DAYS

Grandfather: "Nowadays I never see a girl blush. In my day it was different."

Grand-daughter: "Why, Grandpa! Whatever did you tell them?"—Ohio Presbyterian News, Columbus.

* * * TIPS ON IRONING

The mixture of iodine in the medicine cabinet is quite a powerful chemical and will attack most metals, including iron. You can use iodine to "write" on metals; it is, in fact, a kind of etching.

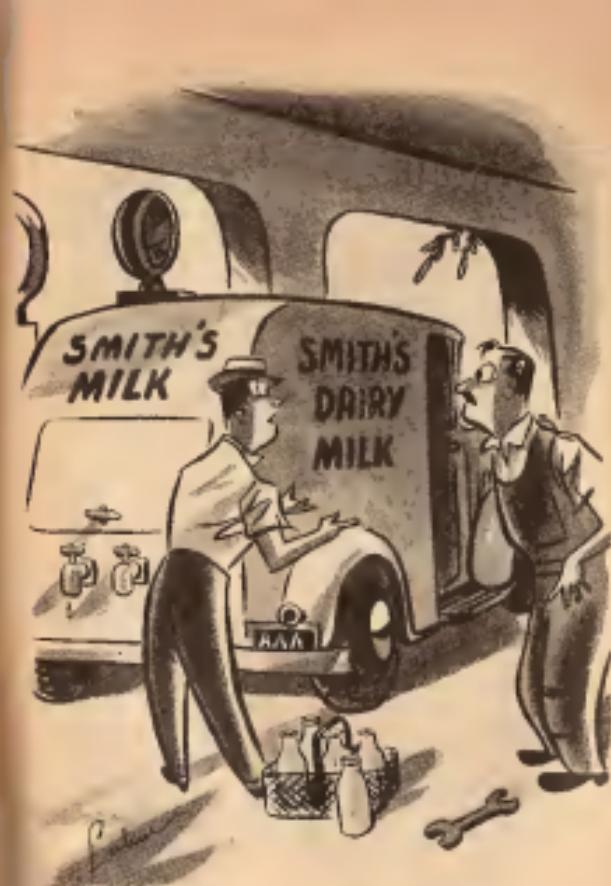
Warm the metal surface you want to write on, and then drop a bit of hot candle grease upon it. Hold the fit candle to the spot until the grease has run and completely covered the surface with a thin layer. Let this cool and, with a pin, scratch your initials or other writing in the grease.

Now pour on a drop of tincture of iodine. Let it stand awhile. Rub off iodine and wax, to disclose the initials clearly etched into the metal itself.

—Philadelphia Inquirer, U.S.A.

* * * VERNING THE PANTS

Somebody at the War Office has been directed to inform all officers commanding battalions or cor-



"I can't understand it. I pressed on the horn and it won't 'move'!"

spending more that troops are not unanimous in the belief that the recent issue of pants, long, woolen, winter, are most congenial winter wear.

It is, therefore, requested (says the letter) that commanders should ascertain whether their troops would prefer to wear drawers, short, cellular, summer, or drawers, short, woolen, during the winter. Will commanders also state the number of men who would like to wear drawers, short, cellular, warmer, during the summer months and pants, long, woolen, winter, during the winter months.—*Elvarey Standard, London.*

* * * WAS THERE AN EXPLOSION?

I was going down a street in London. There were no 'buses, no cars, no pedestrains. When I got to the end a policeman saluted me and said, "You walked over a time bomb, sir." I said: "Why didn't you stop me?" He replied: "Oh, we recognized you, sir."—*Lord Trewhard, former Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.*

* * * AM I A NEW TYPIST (ETC.)

There is an impression that shorthand, stenotypy, and typing are a woman's work, but it's a strongly illogical notion. Most of the court reporters, shock troops of the stenographic vocation, are men. A majority of speed and accuracy records are held by men. These, of course, are only the more obvious qualifications of a secretary. The faculty of composing routine letters and transcribing dictated letters depends principally on a good working familiarity with English, and here again we find that on the

whole men make better journalists and writers than women.

—*Rutherford, U.S.A.*

* * * MY LIFE'S MY OWN

For Babes . . .

I hereby declare my right to look like myself. I resent having every friend, relative and stranger who views me for the first time immediately announce: "Why he looks exactly like so-and-so."

I declare my right to be myself in everything I do, whether in babyhood or childhood, instead of having some parent or grandparent announce "You're just as stubborn as your grandfather."

I declare my desire for freedom from kissing, feeding, too much handling on the part of older relatives.

I declare my right to live a normal, healthy life and to grow when, as, and how I please without being hampered.

For Mothers . . .

I will do my utmost to give my baby every advantage, physical and mental, that I can afford, but I will not become a slave and make sacrifices that leave me flat, broken and spiritless.

When I meet strangers, whether they express interest in the baby or not, I shall try not to have them with accounts of my troubles, aches, fits, or illnesses.

I demand at least one room in the house that does not bear evidences of a baby around.

I shall try to find at least one-half a day to devote to my personal appearance and I shall try to remain friend, mate and companion to my husband.—*Ruth Leigh in Baby Talk, U.S.A.*

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*** POLITICAL STUDIES

How could we be expected to remain politically conscious—to keep even the tamer of one eye on the doings of that Parliament through the years ahead? What sort of grounding had we received for the task? We had been attending day-school for eleven years. (Yes eleven!) We had been taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, grammar and scripture. We could parse and analyse. We knew which king had followed which. We knew the incarnations of Christ and the reigns of India. To a seedly we must have been taught what "government" meant to a people. Surely we must have been schooled from our earliest days to understand the privileges and the duties falling to us, whose forefathers strove and fought and died that we their descendants might enjoy the right to speak freely and might have a voice in our own government. But no. Not one lesson. Not one word.—John Hiltos is Good Mourning, London.

*** WRESTLING

He had been studying jiu-jitsu and was telling about his experience with it. "So I grabbed his wrist like this—then I grabbed his arm like this—then I twists like this—and before he knew what hit him—I was flat on my back"—YOUTH TODAY, U.S.A.

*** PUTTING ON DOG

Cheek made from dogs' hair may soon be available to tailors and dressmakers. This wool can be obtained from several breeds, but the poodle, which can be shorn three or four times a year, a best. Collie, old English sheep dogs, and the

Dutch Kooibond, are also suitable. During 1914-18 some people in Scotland made use of dogs' wool, and there are families who regularly wear it. They maintain that overcoats and suits of poodle wool beat all records for warmth and cheapness.—Tat-Tat, London.

*** NO SMOKING

An attractive girl, dressed in the W.A.T.S. uniform, and a plain, middle-aged spinster were waiting for a bus. "Have a cigarette?" asked the girl, opening her case.

"What! Smoke in public?" exclaimed the woman, shocked to her depths. "Why, I'd sooner lose the first man who came down the street!"

"So would I," retorted the girl. "But have a cigarette while you're waiting!"—LIVERPOOL Echo, London.

*** THOUGHT THERAPY

There had been considerable discussion among the teachers about identical replies to examination questions by a pupil and his twin brother, Joe. Even though the twins had been separated by the whole width of a room, their papers continued to be nearly identical. One teacher declared that there must have been some trick, that the boys had communicated with each other by means of some pre-arranged set of signals.

Accordingly the twin brothers took their next exam. in separate rooms, Joe in the principal's office, Charles in the office of his Latin teacher. On the day of the test, Charles was handed the questions in the teacher's office, but he seemed unable to begin to write his answers.

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The teacher asked him to get to work.

"I'm not ready yet," Charles answered.

After another long period the boy still had not started to write, and the teacher said crossly, "Why don't you get to work? Your brother will be through before you even start."

Just then the principal came in and asked where the examination questions were; Joe had been waiting for them in his office for almost half an hour. As soon as his brother was given the questions, Charles started writing. The twins wrote simultaneously, finished together, and came back to the classroom together.

Their papers were identical, the principal reported. The same words, the same syntax, the same grammar and, strangest of all, the same puns—Richard T. Watson, in *Yeneth To-day*, U.S.A.

卷之三 • COST OF LIVING

So far as children are concerned, one result of the war has been to lessen the purchasing power of their pocket-money. Until recently a halfpenny was of some little use to a child, but it is becoming less and less so as prices keep soaring. While it will now buy anything at all in the sweet line it will not buy much, and one can sympathise with the little boy who, after being told that he couldn't have a halfporth of this, that, and the other, was leaving the shop when he was called back and told that he had left his halfpenny on the counter. "Oh," was his remark, "it doesn't matter; I can't buy anything with it"—*Matchbox, Cirencester, England*.

卷之三

Many people are convinced that when George Washington adopted the Stars and Stripes as the National Flag of his country, she also came from a little village in Yorkshire. In the year 1511, in the old posting town of Ripon on the Great North Road lived one William Heriot, the chief citizen or wakeman.

Like most Yorkshires, Horner was proud of his home town and specially proud of the spurs made by his fellow-citizens.

Harmer's descendants took more than a passing interest in these spurs, and when one adventurous youth decided to emigrate to America he took a collection with him. On arrival he named the spot where he settled, Rupen. It was here he exhibited the spur rowels from the mother country.

To-day, the inhabitants of Oregon, Washington, are convinced that Washington took the stars for the flag from the designs of those Spanish cowboys.

Washington was proud of his descent, and his own ancestral bearings were made up of three stars—the Royal crooked—and three stripes—Everybody's, London.

◆ ◆ ◆ WRONG DIRECTION

The old colored men had fought in the Cuban War and had drawn a pension ever since. While he was laboriously writing his name in the space for the payee, the bank clerk perkily commented that it must be nice to draw a pension for life just for climbing a few Spanish words.



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